

8014

THE
BREATHINGS OF GENIUS.

BEING

A Collection of POEMS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ESSAYS,

MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

BY ELIZABETH GILDING, *H.*
WOOLWICH, KENT.

————— See the young mind
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.

THOMSON.

————— Et me fecere poetam
Pierides : sunt & mihi carmina : me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores ; sed non ego credulus illis.

VIRGIL.

L O N D O N :

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M DCCLXXXVI.

MEETING OF GENIUS

A Collection of 300 M.S.

1792

MORAL & PHILOSOPHICAL

BY WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have attended the meetings of the Society of the Friends of the Truth, since its organization in the year 1792, and who have been admitted to the same on the basis of their own merits, and not on the basis of their connections with the Society.

The names of the persons who have attended the meetings of the Society, and who have been admitted to the same on the basis of their own merits, and not on the basis of their connections with the Society, are as follows:

1792

1793

1794



ADVERTISEMENT.

WERE I to address the world in a tedious and prolix Preface, as thousands have done, I am persuaded it would only awake slumbering critics, and instantly bring forth a sentence, which, if it should ever be pronounced, I humbly beg the reader to defer till the whole hath been perused.

Were I to copy after my refined or fawning predecessors, and in terms the most submissive implore the candid favour of each gentle reader; or in jocosè language grin my intention to depreciate Introductions, Prefaces, &c, I am of opinion it would have one and the same end.

But as I am willing to introduce myself with all proper and becoming respect, permit me, whosoever thou art that condescendeth to read the following pages, to assure thee, that my first design in writing them was, either for my own amusement, or to improve myself in the art of thinking.

Early bereaved of my parents—when an orphan, untaught, except by misfortunes, I began life where it is to be feared too many end it, even in endeavouring to state its chief business, which I soon perceived to be the preservation of moral rectitude, added to the various possible improvements in sensibility, virtue, and knowledge.

Unhappy in crowds, I have always preferred the society of a few, and the charms of solitude, to the noise of dissipated or selfish bustle and hurry. A despiser of an empty head, however finely dressed—swayed by none of the modish amusements, which perhaps my somewhat

ADVERTISEMENT.

obscure situation in life not a little contributed to; I sighed for wisdom, and in order to find her solitary but peaceful bowers, I devoted those hours to reading and composition, which too many of my sex spend in studying the modes of fashion—in adjusting the ceremonies of visits—or still more insipid cards.

My genius led me to Poetry. I scribbled. It pleased myself. After which a hope arose, that “The Breathings of my Genius” might not be unacceptable to the public. Determined to put this to the proof I now stand at its tribunal.

I bid not the fair sex retire, whose birth, fortune, or charms, call them into fashionable life, only wish them to be convinced, that this doth not exclude every intellectual acquisition: nay, that the brightest mirror for their beauty, and other peculiar advantages, is a polished understanding, and well informed judgment, which though to some a costly purchase, is yet a permanent and glorious possession. And if this be my design with respect to the females, I am sure each generous male will at least wish me success.

ELIZABETH GILDING.

Woolwich, Kent,
January 8, 1776.

THE

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MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

THE PETITION.

TRIFLES are all our fond pursuits,
Our pleasures and our joys;
A trifle calms the mind to rest,
The same our peace destroys.

Thou Genius of the British Isle;
Smile on a trifter's first essay:
Deign t' accept this bagatelle,
And your petitioner shall pray,

&c.

B

INV^O.

INVOCATION TO THE MOON:

MILD Inspirer of each thought,
 With sublime ideas fraught,
 Aid! O aid the aspiring mind;
 Bliss celestial pure to find.
 Shed thy gentle influence,
 O'er each passion—every sense:
 And in contemplations guise,
 Draw the veil from off my eyes,
 Which obscures bright reason's ray,
 And obstructs her heav'nly day.
 Then the joyful land she'll see,
 Which the righteous shall possess:
 Heavenly bliss and harmony,
 Purchas'd by the Prince of Peace.

 EPITAPH FOR GENERAL WOLFE.

WITH patriot fire the warrior burns,
 And each impending danger spurns.
 Steps nobly forth to seize the prize,
 And in the conflict bravely dies.
 For this shall Wolfe's immortal name,
 In British Annals honour claim.
 The gen'rous breast shall heave a sigh,
 And crown his name with Victory.

THE

P O E M S.

T H E M I R R O R.

LIFE is a dream, and all the sleepers find,
 Its gay delusions enervate the mind ;
 For visionary joys of night still reign,
 But give awak'ning sense redoubled pain ;
 Yet those chimeras please while they deceive,
 And some (though few) may good impressions leave.
 When Somnus, drowsy god, his poppies shed,
 And all the cares of day awhile were fled,
 Methought I stood upon a rising ground,
 Charm'd with the brooks and verdant meads around ;
 A lovely fair, by mortals Reason named,
 Tripp'd o'er the green, and my attention claim'd.
 Child of the dust, she said, some moments stay,
 And from this height yon crowded plain survey.
 I bow'd submission to the godlike maid,
 So mild the spake I chearfully obey'd :
 Nor waited long, till several heart-felt sighs
 Struck my pain'd ear, and looks of woe mine eyes ;
 Loud exclamations seem'd to pierce the skies,
 And every face spoke terror and surprise.
 In vain I sought the causes to explore,
 Till Reason came, and bid me doubt no more.
 The sighs you hear the frantic acts you see,
 On erring man must sure attendants be ;
 An high vicegerent now the mirror holds,
 And all the secrets of their heart unfolds ;

The good they lose on one hand plain appears,
While on the other, Justice sternly rears
Her sword.—She paus'd.—Distinct the voices grew,
Self-condemnation reign'd the concourse through.
Deception's mask no longer could obscure
Darkest designs, and ev'ry thought impure ;
A flame it made, by which the wearer saw
His great infringements of the moral law.
Barbarity his horrid aspect view'd ;
The ills he caus'd, now unrepuls'd, obtrude
Back on himself, the whips and scourges turn ;
With seven-fold fire his callous breast doth burn.
The sword which widows and young orphans made,
With keenest edge pursues his guilty shade,
While gaping wounds of others form a hell,
No tears can quench, nor deepest sighs repel.
The griping usurer his treasures saw
To hell-hounds turn'd, who on the vitals gnaw :
A thousand wretches, whom he had oppress'd,
Point at their wrongs, nor let him taste of rest.
The murd'rer sav'd by dint of gold from shame,
Here reads in blood th' initials of his name ;
From this tribunal bribes can ne'er defend,
Nor any subterfuge assistance lend.
Deceivers and deceiv'd amaz'd beheld
Their pleasures serpents, and their joys repell'd ;
Where fancy promis'd more secure delight,
The breach of vows their trembling souls affright.
Whate'er the vices, and howe'er conceal'd,
This frightful mirror honestly reveal'd ;

Here

Here triflers saw their mispent hours arrang'd,
 Replete with ill, since from all good estrang'd.
 No words can justly the deep sorrows paint,
 Of such a scene the idea must be faint;
 Its pow'rs too weak—but languidly can tell
 The bitter pangs and woes which ever dwell
 Where conscience rous'd, deservedly severe,
 Bids ev'ry miscreant at her bar appear.
 My heart was shaken, and the offer'd glass
 Full in review made all my actions pass;
 Reason once more, my constant friend, drew nigh,
 Chas'd dark despair, and bade my sorrows fly.
 'Tis thine! she said, O mortal, to disarm
 Thy seeming foe, and make his converse charm;
 Learn to obey—his solemn dictates prove
 The voice of friendship and the aids of love.
 Warn'd by his counsels shun the paths of sin,
 This hour is thine; now a new life begin.
 She stepp'd aside, the voice seraphic broke
 O'er ev'ry sense, and musing I awoke.

THE DELIRIUM.

REASON is the distinguishing mark between
 man and the brute creation. It is the highest
 gift of heaven, a divine emanation of the soul; like
 the oak amidst the trees of the forest, it claims su-
 periority—like that, bears many a blast, and the

hurricane, must be vast which can overthrow it. From what quarter shall the storm proceed? It can bear the shaking of adversity, and bloom under the pressure of affliction. But there is a cold searching wind, that pierces the vital part, and seizes impulsively the powers of action. For awhile it lays in a state of stupefaction, then bursts forth in irregular starts, and exhibits the most dreadful view of human nature. Here we shall see the once caressed friend, abandoned to all the horrors of a miserable room, where light is sparingly suffered to dawn through a little grate, and stretched on a bed of straw. Those eyes which once spoke all the language of filial and social tenderness, are bursting almost from their sockets, or unmeaningly fixed on some trifle. Perhaps the chain catches his attention, and in a moment fired with the thought of liberty, the sufferer striving to be free, adds pain to wretchedness, and becomes, if possible, more pitiable. That tongue from which persuasive eloquence was wont to flow, now utters only the language of hell, and calls for perdition on all around. How dreadful to hear blasphemy, from lips made to praise and bless; and to see the image of God transformed to that of devils?

Another view presents a scene equally affecting, although the external horrors are not so great.

Behold the mourner—into what a reverie is she fallen! Thought hath transfixed her to the seat—
she

she moves not—insensibility seems her friend.—
She hath forgot all—even the occasion of her grief.
Happy indeed—comparatively happy, were such a
state lasting, to what she must feel, when roused
from her waking slumber. She lifts her eye-lids,
and a deep sigh shews she lives!—Alas, is the
season of gaiety to be spent thus!—Is there no
means of alleviating the sorrows that prey upon her
mind? None!—The consolatory discourse of the
pitying few, who touched by her sorrows, would
fain administer comfort, does but add to her distress
—for who are those who commiserate? Her friends?
No!—she hath none. They are strangers!—See
she smiles!—some gleam of joy hath broke in
upon her—perhaps a distant hope—but hark, she
speaks!—

’Tis just!—thy will be done—I acquiesce. But
where—where—where is peace?—Time bring
it!—No!—it never will return!—Alas! my head!
But what is pain!—A trifle! Bind up my temples!
—Bring the sea green willow!—He is faithless!—
and I am undone!”

The last words seem to have set before her the
whole arrangement of her miseries—wild sighs, and
convulsive starts, tell the agitation of her mind.
The calm was transient, and only renders the storm
more terrible.—She casts her eyes to heaven as if
imploring mercy—then brings them hastily back,
while a crimson glow, speaks the thought of un-
worthiness. On the earth she bends her sight, but

as if that also reproached her, she stares without fixing, till a flood of tears drowns the tempest of her soul! —

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

ON HEARING THE REV. D. TURNER, A. M.
(WOOLWICH, KENT) PREACH ON THAT
SUBJECT.

WHEN earth shall sink and terrors rise,
The throne, the judge before our eyes,
Awaken'd with a dread surprise,

We gaze upon the scene.

Then Reason with a clam'rous voice,
O'er trembling passion shall rejoice,
And show the folly of its choice,

In that decisive hour.

Hear Justice call to guilty dust,
Bids them make ready with the just,
Nor in annihilation trust,

But at the bar appear.

The murd'rer rising from his bed,
Calls on the rocks to hide his head,
The rocks, the mountains all are fled,

And self expos'd he stands.

The adult'rer hears the mighty noise,
Casts a black look on guilty joys,
See how his lust a race destroys,

And feels all hell within.

Robbers

Robbers of every kind appear,
At this the grand assize to hear,
Their final doom, and though severe,
Not worse than they deserve.

Here must the base deceiver come,
And tremble at his righteous doom,
For pity now will ne'er find room,
Nor screen such crimes as his,
Behold the wretch that own'd no God,
Whose reason with imperial nod,
Boldly asserted to the elod,
'That chance gave all things birth.

He starts ! astonish'd at the sight,
Fain would he shun the source of light,
But now he feels the vengeful might,
Of a derided God.

See yonder miscreant struck with awe !
He drops the tables of the law,
From nought can consolation draw,
No Saviour bled for him.

In dreadful majesty array'd,
He views the Son (of that blest maid)
Whom he had ever scorn'd, betray'd,
And spurn'd his mysteries.

Hither approach ye chosen few !
Whose garments wear a snowy hue,
And find your glorious Captain true,
Then worship at his feet.

The

The mighty sceptre marks the bound,
 None pass the Angel guarded round,
 Heaven with the seraphs lyres resound,
 All glory to the Lamb.

Welcome, my sons ! the Father cries,
 Hosannah ! ev'ry tongue replies,
 Hosannah to the sacrifice,
 That made our peace with heav'n.

The eternal sabbath now began,
 Clear is display'd the Three in One,
 All else must be by Angels sung,
 Mortals can tell no more.

S O L I L O Q U E.

WHAT are our joys,
 Our hopes and fears ?
 Delusion all

And source of tears.

When fixt on ought which earth can boast,
 Sad dregs of happiness that's lost.

If pleasure chance

To be our aim,

Or honour ; still

We seek the same.

An ideal form that cheats the sight :

An ignis fatuus of the night.

On

P O E M S.

11

On pleasures wings,

Our moments fly,

Unheeded ;—till

We come to die.

That task began with grief and care,

On what we plac'd our surety,

For honour watchings,

Toil and care,

Shall hardly gain,

The wreath ;—to wear ;

The which what various hazards run,

And life just finish'd ere 'tis won.

If gentle love,

A subtle quest

Shall find admittance

In your breast.

He traitor like, in secret wounds,

And bliss with anxious care confounds.

And friendship, if

It can be found,

May add a bliss,

May give a wound.

Alternate thus our good or ill,

Delighting or perplexing still,

Should warn us of our future state,

And bid us shun each glitt'ring bait,

Which folly spreads to ensnare the soul,

And tells us plainly on the whole,

As faith the preacher—" All is vain."

Henceforth

Henceforth, ye sons of men be wise,
 His precepts set before your eyes,
 To fear the Lord, to keep his law,
 And of his judgments stand in awe.

S O N G.

COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMEN, &c.

ROUSE, rouse, ye dull powers, and to action
 come forth,

No longer, no longer delay;
 The present is our's, then the present improve,
 Consider that life's but a day.

II.

Love, mirth, wit, and wine, in excess may destroy,
 Nor can they by pleasures repay:
 Anxiety, care, pain, sickness, and all
 The griefs they may cause in a day.

III.

Attention to study the mind will improve,
 And memory's strengthen'd by play;
 Meditation explores a new scene of delights,
 And ends with pure transports the day.

IV.

Of love take just what is sufficient, no more,
 And yield but to merits display;
 For beauty, though charming, yet still if alone,
 Will fade in your sight in a day.

Use

V.

Use mirth, wit, and wine, as the servants of joy,
If prudent, they'll brighten your way;
But let this memento for ever be nigh,
That life is no more than a day.

DESCANT ON SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility, thou source of human woes, thou aggrandiser of evils, had I not been possessed of thee, how calmly might my days have passed! Yet would I not part with thee for worlds. We will abide together, both pleased and pained with each other. Thou shalt ever have a place in my heart—be the sovereign of my affections, and the friend of my virtue. Where thou pointest the way I'll cheerfully follow—lead me to the abodes of misery—to scenes of distress—nay to the field of battle—that cold bed of honour. My tears shall bathe the hero's wounds—my advice, revive the desponding widow—while my arms secure and protect the timid orphan. I may find the house of mourning to be the porch of wisdom, and the throbs of agony may prove the most convincing monitors! Weeds shall yield me instruction, and the discernment of misfortune shall caution me against the paths which inevitably terminate in it.

Does the fond father, whose years have tinfelled his locks with silver, mourn the loss of a promising son,

son, I will tenderly administer comfort, by informing him that the youth whom he deploras is far happier than his lamentations, in one sense, seem to wish him. Early snatched from care, perhaps from dependance, his desires are satisfied, and his rest undisturbed. In the bosom of peace each murmur is forgot. The sable and deep waters of death, while they serenely flow into the vales of paradise on the one hand, by rolling their boisterous waves against the opposite shore of time, prove an insuperable obstacle to the entrance of pain. Hoary sage, be sparing of thy tears—thy son is happy!—what wouldest thou more?—In yon narrow cell, no curst ambition, with flame insatiate, shall damp the generous purpose of the soul; no mean avarice or selfish passion embase the heart, or sour the temper; no material loss sustained shall hurt a child; no injury received shall grieve a relative, or steep a loving spouse's couch in briny woe; no dissimulation tinge his own tongue, or guilty passion wound his breast. Is this his real state. Then tell me, if not from the mercy-seat, whence issued the high decree? As a man, sustain the shock—as a christian, adore!

But ah! why weeps the tender mother? Are her hopes blasted, and her very desires laid in the tomb? How blooming and how gay! how faded and how dull!

She sighing says—Painful recollection! Was this the once admired Lavinia, who soon as she attracted the

the eye, subdued the heart. Insatiate archer, could neither youth nor beauty save ! Approach Lavinia's bier ye dissipated young, who spend hours at the toilette in adorning your persons, or painting your faces, and view where beauty lays ; blend the colour of mortality with your rouge, and encrust its precepts on your heart. Lavinia, lately the pride and delight of her friends, now the object of their deepest sorrow ! Ah ! turn aside ye mourners ! Behold the maid ! She is not dead, but sleepeth ! A little while and she shall arise more lovely than the morning, more graceful than the Queens of the earth. Arrayed in spotless innocence she shall come forth, and chide your murmurings for her glorious change. Ere misfortune had forced the sigh, or deceit stained the mind, she was conducted by angels to the abodes of joy, and seated by the Prince of love in the bowers of paradise.

Humanity must feel, but reason checks the overflowings of grief ; religion marks the bound ; sensibility lends the tear ; misfortunes lead to wisdom, but how painful the road ! At every step a thorn pierces, or an adder stings. Happy those, who trusting to the experience of others, are not foolishly wise for themselves. Be advised ye young ; be instructed ye gay, ye fair ! Take of the fruit already gathered, lest a serpent lurk in the grass, and you feel too late the venom of his sting.

Aban-

Abandoned to shades and solitude, condemned to pass her days in obscurity, and her nights in solitude, Calista had not been, but for a fatal mistake. Vice assumed the mask of pleasure, and easily imposed on the too credulous fair. Triumph not in her weakness ye sons of reason! It is your duty to support, but it is you who oppress.

Let me ever share the woes I cannot relieve, and bestow the pity I would wish in like circumstances to share. Never may my breast be callous, or my lips forget the law of mutual sympathy and kindness. Swift be my feet when the cry of calamity pierces my ear, and powerful be my efforts in easing the complaints of virtue. Even when it might be just to be severe, may I remember that sarcasm is a bitter potion, and to be administered only by those who have no foibles of their own.

Insensibility, thou idol of fools, I detest thy very name! Thou bane of bliss, from incapability of enjoyment, be thou never mine, but at two periods, if they should ever arrive (which kind heaven avert) then spread thy influence over every sense, and screen me from myself in the dreary mantle of forgetfulness.

F.

THE

THE OAK AND PINE.

AN Oak, great monarch of the wood,
 Reign'd o'er all trees as monarch should;
 Beheld them flourish with delight,
 And songsters to their boughs invite.
 Each grove was vocal with their notes,
 And gentle warblings tun'd their throats,
 Firs—Elms—and Beeches homage paid,
 And ever ready lent their aid.
 When trees exotic wag'd a war,
 The arms of British Oak to bear:
 His court (unusual) did abound,
 With many friends—and faithful found.
 The Ivy * clasp'd his regal breast,
 Chief favourite by all confess'd.
 When low'ring skies presag'd a storm,
 The Ivy thus stop'd each alarm:
 "With reverence, Sire, be this thine aim!
 "Now humble Shrubs protection claim;
 "Extend your branches, yield a shade,
 "To all the tenants of the glade;
 "Let those of harder growth endure,
 "The howling blast—their strength's secure.
 "Call in the Pine †, his willing arm,
 "Shall help t' avert the dreaded harm;
 "His sturdy sons the plain shall grace,
 "And shew themselves a warlike race."

* L—d C—m. † A—a.

The Oak conform'd. Such counsel prov'd,
How much the honest Ivy lov'd.

Peaceful and happy, long he reign'd,
His mildness — fondest love obtain'd.
The flow'rets bloom'd to cheer the sight,
And Eglantine to give delight;
Woodbines and Honeysuckles strove,
Whose sweets should most perfume the grove:
While stately Cedars crown'd the hills,
And vallies drank of sweetest rills.

But, lo! a dismal change appears;
Gloom now succeeds the joy of years.
It happen'd, or by chance or skill,
For those things happen ever will.
The Nightshade * stole poor Ivy's place,
By basely plotting his disgrace.

And thus it gain'd the monarch's ear,
" My Liege — what errors do appear?
" How have your favours been abus'd,
" And royal confidence misus'd?
" It grieves me to the very heart,
" That trees should act so base a part.
" I will not name — perhaps mistake —
" Was that, which did the blunders make.
" Though had thy royal will ordain'd,
" That I should speak quite unrestrain'd:
" Invested me with power to act,
" I would have chose a better tract."

* L——d B——.

Tell

Tell what ! — the sov'reign stern reply'd,
 Thy wish I grant — my counsels guide.
 Enough the sycophant had gain'd,
 He little lov'd, but greatly feign'd.

What open plains distress mine eyes ?
 And wild disorder doth surprize ;
 No regularity is seen,
 But ev'ry view is truly mean:
 Enclosures should correct this wild,
 With furze and bramble so defil'd.
 These groves must fall to aid my plan,
 For I have scarce as yet began. —

To - - - - -

Full many schemes he glibly nam'd,
 And those of others freely blam'd.
 In fine, he alter'd and amended,
 Till ev'ry beauty quite was ended:
 Then, weary'd with his mighty toil,
 He call'd his friends from each bleak soil.
 Thistles in plenty cross'd the Tweed,
 Of such a patron much in need :
 To him an easy access found,
 His root was planted in their ground.
 Cypress, and baleful Yews appear,
 To praise his skill, and taste his cheer.
 The Roses white did to him bow ;
 Whose heads the Ivy had kept low :
 By him uprear'd, with gentle hand,
 And plac'd the first in each command.

The Rose his well-known fav'rite was,
 Keen were his family in the cause.
 So much carefs'd—'twas fear'd by some,
 Did he succeed—the time would come,
 When the proud forest would bemoan,
 The Rose usurper on the throne.
 Each tree or shrub that humbly bended,
 Or, right or wrong, he aye defended.

Inebriated with applause,
 For this or some base selfish cause :
 Set him a plotting and inventing,
 Dire mischief—ever unrelenting ;
 And geniuses must always find,
 Something to exercise the mind.

My Liege !—said he, I have observ'd,
 Which of your subjects farthest swerv'd.
 Methinks the Pine too proudly bears,
 The privileges which he wears :
 Were it not better to correct,
 His glaring faults and disrespect ?
 No more, my friend—the Oak rejoind'd,
 I will from him obedience find,
 He shall confess my sov'reign sway,
 And like all others learn t' obey.

A message came—the Pines debate,
 Whence sprang this anger in the state ?
 The Oak, our monarch, we revere,
 And hold his laws and person dear :
 Will ever aid his faithful bands,
 To guard his woods—and deck his lands.

'Tis

'Tis not enough — the mandate said,
But greater homage must be paid.
What Nightshade doth advise to tax,
A dear-bought senate won't relax.
Know twice he orders you to bow,
And lay your tow'ring branches low.
The Pines refus'd — the Oak enrag'd,
A war against the rebels wag'd.
On either side strong ranks appear'd,
And fell discord her ensign rear'd.
Yield to my will, the Oak still cry'd :
Give Nightshade up — the Pine reply'd.
'Tis he hath broke the bands of peace,
And bid our happy union cease.
Still more and more the contest rose,
And fondest friends grew harshest foes.
The forest shed her sweetest flow'rs,
Spoil'd were her shades, and lovely bow'rs,
The blossoms wept beneath the storm ;
Nor found a shelter safe or warm.
Plung'd in the horrors of a war,
They trembling saw Bellona's car,
Nor knew to what untimely fate,
The goddess might reduce the state.
How vain is hope ! Nightshade exclaim'd ; =
Resistance hath my projects maim'd ! =
How shall I carry my opinions ?
If I can't tax our new dominions:
Confounded and amaz'd he view'd,
Cedars in sap of Pines embu'd:

What should he do? or whither fly?
 His friends were few—his foes were nigh,
 He ran behind a craggy rock,
 To screen him from the axe and block.
 Ivy solicited return'd,
 His generous bark with ardour burn'd,
 Are these my once lov'd scenes he cry'd!
 Which might all others have defy'd.
 How chang'd—but stop my prating muse,
 The sequel now—you can't refuse.
 Whate'er the Ivy thought;—his deeds
 To greater pleasure quickly leads.
 Contending parties wond'ring stood,
 To hear him plead for public good;
 His heart-felt eloquence prevail'd,
 Fell discord and her faction fail'd.

Ah, Sirs! embrace thy friends once more,
 And let oblivion mantle o'er
 This hateful scene—the Pines will prove,
 Their steady zeal and constant love.
 He ceas'd, the shouts of peace were heard,
 And her bright rays all nature chear'd.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

'T WAS in a deep embow'ring shade,
 The ground with verdant moss inlaid;
 The shady cypress o'er him hung,
 That Strephon thus in sorrow sung.

Ah

II.

Ah me! What woes my soul invade,
By love how wretched am I made!
From friendship no relief I find,
But dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

III.

Have I not known my Delia kind?
Or was my reason render'd blind
By love, the great misguiding foe
Of rich, of poor, of high, of low?

IV.

Ah no—the dear relentless maid,
Has often sigh with sigh repaid;
But now with scorn rejects my pray'r,
And bids me talk of love elsewhere.

V.

Since then my griefs are past redress,
Since Delia ne'er my hopes will bless,
No joy on earth I e'er shall find;
Farewell dear faithless womankind.

A MODERN CONVERSATION.

THE village clock had just struck seven;
How little bliss would mortals know,
If once deny'd by bounteous heav'n
Pernicious tea's delicious flow.

In elbow chair the matron sat,
 With venerable look it should be,
 And in the parlour soon were met
 Many as pretty nymphs as could be.

Long were they settling who should highest
 In the bright circle take their seating,
 Midst compliments flew looks the swiftest,
 And common chat not worth repeating,

But when some beaux their entrance made,
 With serious look and modest blushes;
 Stop—I forgot—'twas only shade,
 Our females now disdain such flushes.

The sparks in turn said what was pretty,
 Each to the lady by his side;
 Exhausted soon their stock so witty,
 And flatt'ry, even flatt'ry died.

The doleful dirge Maria sung,
 By sad reflections black and dreary;
 No more each blooming cheek was hung
 With smiles—but gaping shew'd them weary.

Ma'am, tea is to your taste I hope;
 For finest green I bought it newly;
 Fie, my dear Chloe, (she's made a stop)
 Was ever creature so unruly?

Here

P O E M S.

23

Here, William, take the beast away,
And do not let me see her ever !
Give me permission, Ma'am, to say,
Indeed, indeed, you must forgive her.

I hate a puppy, Doris cry'd,
They are so troublesome and teasing ;
Fie, Doris, fie, one by your side,
Seems well to know the art of pleasing.

What is the news said Flavia sighing,
You're all so dull and out of spirits ?
Are there no reputations dying ?
Or is the world new stock'd with merits ?

That's true, replied Amintor smiling,
I'd nigh forgot it, I protest ;
Your lovely sex are so beguiling ;
But pshaw—perhaps 'tis all a jest.

Earnest or jest now let us hear it,
Th' inventor is the only sinner ;
No one to tell a tale's so fit,
As you, ye little fly beginner.

Nay then, 'tis nothing but what's common ;
The gay Philander's lost his senses :
Beauty and wit met in one woman,
And baffled all his wise pretences.

Deep

Deep silence reign'd but for a moment ;
Th' astonish'd females eager panted ;
Envy malign began to foment,
And more intelligence was wanted.

Do, good Amintor, pray inform us,
Where this enchanting virgin tarries ;
Impatience now begins to warm us,
Name her the envy'd prize who carries.

" When Nature, in a pleasant mood,
" To shew her art was willing,
" She form'd Florella wise and good,
" And gave her power for killing.

" The Graces all in her unite,
" One finish'd fair composing ;
" Ladies, you did the praise invite,
" Which now I've been disclosing."

Pale were the cheeks, and sunk each eye,
Some sigh'd, and some began a jeering ;
Florella was the gen'ral cry ;
Florella, said Sabrina, fleeing.

'The girl indeed is rather pretty,
But nothing so extraordinary ;
I own she is a little witty,
Nor there does much from others vary.

Fair

Fair Celia, with a scornful sneer,
Observ'd wit might be borrow'd;
And thought if much it did appear,
It gave a look too forward.

Daphnis with modesty begg'd leave,
Just for to hint her poor opinion;
She thought that beauty could not give,
Nor wit alone secure dominion.

From first to last, from young to oldest,
Each had a fling at Flora's merit;
Narcissa was by far the boldest,
Condemn'd her virtue, sense, and spirit.

Colin by chance a word let fall,
That turn'd the tables in a minute;
He hinted an approaching ball,
Which gave them pleasure quite infinite.

Chloris, on dress, her ruling passion,
Expatriated glib and freely;
Run o'er the dear extremes of fashion,
And really did it most genteely.

Who will be there Sabrina cries,
Philo and Maro, with Philander;
Clara, whose ever killing eyes
Depute her chief, nay sole commander.

Colin

Colin spake much on Philo's merit,
Sense, generosity, and soul;
Damon dislik'd his gentle spirit,
And vast attachment to the bowl.

Maro's a beau, Daphnis exclaim'd,
Full of himself, and quite pedantic;
Sabrina thought she wrongly blam'd,
But Ma'am your notions are romantic.

Philander has a friendly heart,
Fine taste, said Colin, and bright fancy.
With ease one may assume that part,
Slily remark'd long silent Nancy.

Florimond, doubtless, will be there,
At all times forward and assuming,
Said Corin with a careless air,
On his own merits oft presuming.

A thoughtful youth who long had scented
The turns and windings of their prating,
At length its progress quite prevented,
And ended thus their sage debating.

When beaux and belles are met together,
The first congees and curtsies over;
They talk upon the wind and weather,
And mighty sense and wit discover.

This

This little subject quickly finish'd,
Heigh-ho's most languidly go round;
Their gayest smiles are quickly vanish'd,
And dullness only can be found.

Start but an absent person's name,
The hankering ear with rapture tingles;
Each mouth becomes the trump of fame,
And praise light mix'd with scandal jingles.

Oft have I gone from set to set,
In hopes real candour to discover;
Her form divine is seldom met,
And modern meetings soar above her.

The present always finds our favour,
Though glaring errors blot the page;
When absent then their whole behaviour
Gives vigour to the talking rage.

This dangerous evil all lament,
Yet few have courage to dispel it;
They can no pretty theme invent
With charms sufficient to excel it.

But take advice, ye lovely fair,
For know the evil is unbounded;
Guard your sweet lips with special care,
So shall you never be confounded.

No worthy nymph, traduc'd by fame,
 Shall for your baseness heave a sigh;
 Nor censure ever dare to blame
 The maid who scorns such cruelty.

Bad as the world is, still it loves
 Virtue where'er she mildly shines;
 The slanderer it disapproves,
 Baulks both his malice and designs.

Those, and those only find esteem,
 Who tender of another's fame,
 Scandal a hell-born mischief deem,
 And scorn thereon to build their name.

He stop'd, the ladies were half weary,
 So long debarr'd their chief delight;
 Such sentiments, for them too dreary,
 Soon made them rise, and bid good night.

A D I A L O G U E.

HONOUR AND ITS ANTAGONIST.

A N T A G O N I S T.

SIR, your servant.

HONOUR. Sir, your most obedient.

ANT. I come, Sir, on your repeated invitations,
 lest you should think I totally refused my services.

HON.

HON. I beg pardon, Sir; but you certainly mistake; I have not the least knowledge of you—so far from sending for you, I really don't know who you are.

ANT. Indeed, Sir, I am amazed at your pretended ignorance; this morning, an emissary of your's (his name Folly) courted me to your embrace.

HON. I've no dependant, nor do I know a creature so called.

ANT. Impossible! Truly, it is very ungrateful to deny the knowing your most constant attendant.

HON. Pray, Sir, be more explicit, for at present I have not time to expound riddles, besides you must excuse me, if I say I believe your intellect is a little touched.

ANT. Deluded man!—look through that glass* there read my name—behold thy folly!—if I had called it Honour!—thou wouldest have known the general, the specious deceiver. That life which a few hours ago, you madly were for putting into the hands of your adversary, I demand!

HON. Amazement!—Horror!—And art thou Death?

DEATH. I am.

HON. O spare me yet a little longer, and let me look back on what is past—I cannot! Oh! the present is all confusion, the future darkness and despair! Anguish insupportable—all—all unsettled—

* Reason,

and

and my heaven at stake! Since time will not return—was my narrow span lengthened—a glimmering fainting hope inspires the wish—a few years—nay months, if years cannot be granted, is all a wretched sinner craves.

DEATH. The common, though barefaced excuse—not ready yet—nothing settled—every thing thought of, but God—every want provided against but those of the soul. Art thou man? Man, whose chief end in living is preparing to die—and nevertheless dost thou plead not ready at thy Maker's call. If unfit to comply with his well known precepts, poor must be thy pretensions to his favour.

HON. It is my duty—I meant to discharge it—but imagined a period would come, when I should have more inclination and leisure than at present. A confidence in my youth removed futurity from my view. I could not expect so soon the dreadful summons to another unseen, unthought of world.

DEATH. Strange! and yet most nobly brave it! It was Honour compelled, because your friend offended—probably without the smallest intention. Forgive! No—it would have been mean and dastardly—'twould have disgraced a gentleman. Infatuated mortal! could you this morning be so fit to die, yet stagger ere the sun is down, when told, your hour is come.

HON. Error most fatal to the sons of men—dreadful delusion of the unwary mind. Honour's a bubble in the pangs of death—a poisoned arrow
fixed

fixed in the parting soul. In this sense, it is the bane of immortality and surest shaft of hell. Oh how shall I appear at the tribunal of an angry God, with the sad type of my last mortal act—a sword!—or pistol!—transmitting to heaven, on wings ethereal—what they can ne'er destroy—a precious soul, all unprepared, to stand before a being supreme, whose justice as his mercy is most sure, whose ire is irresistible, and knoweth no bounds.

ON HEARING THE REV. MR. TURNER PREACH
FROM THESE WORDS, JOHN XII. 21. "SIR,
"WE WOULD SEE JESUS," BEFORE HIS AD-
MINISTRATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT,
WOOLWICH, KENT.

"WITH fire seraphic touch the lip
"Of him who now thy love would tell;
"O holy spirit, give the words,
"While on the sound all hearts shall dwell."

First see, my friends, your sad estate,
By nature prone to every ill;
Your great omissions glaring stand,
Commissions wait with pow'r to kill.

D

Behold

Behold the terrors of the law ;
See Justice wield the mighty sword ;
Arise, ye guilty—hark she cries !
Arise—and meet your angry Lord.

See where he waits to fix your doom !
See veng'ance wake, and op'ning hell !
Who shall avert the dreadful stroke,
Or ire vindictive who repel ?

Here then your eyes astonish'd turn,
The prince of peace his love proclaims ;
He condescendeth to be born ;
Thro' heav'n an awful silence reigns.

Attend at Beth'lem, view the babe,
Omnipotence in swadling bands ;
Still omnipotent, lord of all,
The wise, the great, his look commands.

See sages at his cradle bow,
Their offer'd gifts his footstool bears ;
The Son of Man, the rays of God,
His humble exaltation wears.

Now see the prophecy fulfill'd ;
Now Jesse's promis'd branch doth rise ;
To teach he lives, to save he bleeds,
To make salvation yours he dies !

Ho thirsty souls ! come drink your fill,
Here living streams abundant flow ;
Here mercy falls in chearing rills,
And nought but justice here is flow.

Say have ye wish'd to see him here ?
And hath your pray'rs the wish made known ?
Is righteousness divine your robe ?
If thus array'd ye are his own.

Know with repentance deep and strong,
With many tears of briny woe,
You must approach his cross for peace ;
Go while he calls, poor sinners go.

O'er Calv'ry's top your God appears,
Replete in all his pow'r to save ;
There you must see him, see him now,
And all you wish your soul shall have.

Have you come to him warm'd with love ?
At morn, at eve, at mid-day fought
Eternal life as by him giv'n,
Eternal wisdom by him taught.

Have you indeed this Jesus seen ?
Whose justifying righteousness
Alone can blot out all your sin,
Alone can all your griefs redress.

Then o'er the pow'rs of death and hell,
Have you not seen him conqu'ror rise?
And manifested to his saints,
With glorious state ascend the skies.

There have ye seen him on the throne?
Array'd with majesty divine,
Waiting for souls dear bought his own,
Till they shall with him nobly shine.

Attentive now to all their plaints,
He lends an ear—he gives relief:
He speaks to sorrowing Christians peace,
He bids the doubting quit their grief.

Am not I here my sons, he cries!
And can you think my foes shall reign?
Their shallow plots shall trap themselves,
And all their proud designs be vain.

Say have you seen the parting clouds,
And heard the archangel's trumpet sound?
To judgment calling every soul,
While earth and seas his voice resound.

Has faith insur'd the sentence blest,
Of come ye chosen to my throne?
Thy labours here shall find an end,
Thy brother—will not reign alone.

SAY

Say then !—O say, ye ransom'd souls,
Will you not give up all for him ?
It is eternity he gives,
Wont you renounce the things of time ?

Whoe'er his crown would wish to share,
And all the joys of heav'n to taste :
His cross—and wreath of thorns must bear,
Each grief he felt must be embrac'd.

Will you not shed a tear for sin ?
What heart so hard can this refuse ?
For you he shed e'en drops of blood :—
Then dread his offer'd grace to abuse.

Incessant seek his glorious face,
With pray'rs incessant seek t' obtain,
Pardon for all your sins through Christ ;
Nor shall your seeking be in vain.

Ev'n now he holds the cup of peace,
Draw near and taste of life he cries.
Here bring your cares and cast them down,
So shall you kings and conqu'rors rise.

My healing pow'r shall sooth your woes,
My sov'reign grace shall be your aid ;
Till Zion's gates hail your approach,
And are your everlasting shade.

As I have ever wished to retain the impression of religious truths, when properly conveyed from the pulpit—so I have often adjusted in rhyme, what I with pleasure have thence heard. Only beg leave to caution the reader against impeaching the accuracy of the preacher, instead of the faultiness of my memory.

The following was wrote in endeavouring to recollect the sermon, preached by the same gentleman to his congregation on the afternoon of that day, whereon he administered the Sacrament. His text was Judges xi. 35.—“ I have
“ opened my mouth to the Lord and I cannot
“ go back.”

JEPHTHAH—a daughter and his hopes,
His vow demands—his vow obtains :
No more to see a smiling race,
Wait his return from hostile plains.

No more the softest, sweetest wish,
The cheering hope thy sons to see :
Fond father bound by sacred vows,
Shall ever bless thine hours or thee.
But - - - - -

He who is mercy in himself ;
Would ne'er demand a daughter's life.
Or bid the trembling parent's hand,
On her—let fall the cruel knife.

To

To abstinence from nuptial joys,
The social bliss of wedded love :
His oath hath bound the mourning maid,
And bid her on the mountains rove.

For dreary must her hours be found,
And death for ever—ever wait :
Whose hopes are blasted joys forbid,
Condemn'd to an unsocial state.

These words to us and to our ease,
My brethren—now we will apply :
With full rememb'rance—hell must seize,
The man who dares to God to lie.

This day—your vows to God my friends,
This day your cheerful vows were paid ;
Bless'd be the hour—join the Amen !
And let us ery to him for aid.

When in the busy world we mix,
O let us bear the thought ev'n there :
Nor let its pride—its joys—its woe,
Baulk our pursuit—or be our care.

When solemn vows thy soul engage,
Guard well each thought—each word—each look :
For God a faithful record keeps,
A record in his sacred book.

He shall require it at thy hands,
Whate'er thou swearest in his name.
Fear to forget thy once spoke words;
Dread to incur eternal shame.

Two holy rites the Christian holds,
Baptism first—which doth engage
Performance unexcus'd—from him,
The work of all his riper age.

Next the Lord's Supper—bounteous gift!
Which doth delight divine afford,
Sweet consolation—heav'nly grace:—
The gift of an all-gracious Lord.

Himself, in symbols, he imparts
To cheer our gloom—dispel our fears;
Bequeath'd to all believing hearts,
He gives them joy—he wipes their tears.

What went ye out to see this morn?
Your Jesus—on his cross—his throne.
Say came ye back without the fight,
Did you unblest'd come back alone?

Has he not sent his surest sign,
A messenger of peace to thee!
If not—now may his grace divine,
In fullest power revealed be!

'Tis true—we say from these our vows,
Our souls shall never dare go back.
To God we vow'd—the Angels heard,
And heav'n allures—we wont retract.

Will you not say with me my friends,
Our vows with joyful souls were made.
From them we never—will go back :
But through our lives they shall be paid.

Ev'n thus in civil oaths, O man !
Which doth thee to thy neighbour bind :
For ever keep record in heart,
Nor e'er to swerve dare be inclin'd.

For he who heard the contract made,
Tho' thou forgettest, still attends :
He seal'd the bond—when you appeal'd,
And he the injar'd—aye befriends.

Let each design be duly weigh'd ;
Think e'er thou dost a work begin :
If there's a cov'nant with thy God,
Thou must abandon e'er sin.

No foul reserve thy heart must bear,
No fav'rite idol—fondly kept :
For sacred acts for praise and pray'r,
Thy temple must be purely swept.

What-

Whate'er defiles or holds a part,
Too great—in any mortal's breast :
Though dear as sight—or a right hand,
Must from its hold be dispossest'd.

Then all devoted to thy God,
Approach his throne—implore his aid.
Till you are his—and he is thine,
By mutual compact freely made.

And now my friends, whose vows are past,
More anxious watch—more strictly guard
Your lives and conduct than before,
Lest you should fail of your reward.

To all who hear the Gospel sound,
To all who bear the Christian name :
Yet let me plead your weighty cause,
And thus repeat the charge again.

Since on you lays eternal vows,
Since in a cov'nant you are bound,
Be ever earnest in your pray'rs,
Be ever wise and watchful found.

Let not the tempter by surprize,
Or parley steal your souls away.
Remember as a lion—he
Is ever on the hunt for prey.

If he can find an idle soul,
Cold and remiss on Zion's road,
He spreads his bait, he grasps the prize,
And yells defiance to his God.

Heart-rending thought—and will you make
The blood of Jesus sink so low !
Oh hear him tell you what you'd lose !
Behold the bliss you then let go.

Chief of ten thousand, lo he shines,
Resplendent in almighty love ;
Your doubts and fears bring to his cross,
That will true balm of Gilead prove.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A RELIGIOUS ENIGMA.

THERE is a certain fountain in the midst of a spacious garden, whose waters are of so salubrious a nature, that none ever really tasted them who did not to a certain degree forget all former attachments, and become enamoured with the image through which they flowed. It bears the resemblance of a man majestic, yet lovely in his appearance. The waters are of various kinds. From the mouth proceeds a stream which relieves all who are, or have been oppressed with grievous burdens. The
side

side emits a rill of a purifying nature, that takes off the most inveterate leprosy, and gives beauty for deformity. Every internal complaint they relieve, and a peculiar quality they possess of supplying every want. He that once drinks ne'er thirsts, but for the same. The hands shed drops of powerful elixir, which applied to wounds of ever so long standing, or dangerous symptoms, soon convince the patient of an effectual cure. On its head is a diadem, inscribed with a general invitation to all, who are fully persuaded of the vanity of sublunary things, that they should, without hesitation, come and enjoy its pleasing and beneficial influences. The fountain is not the property of a narrow minded Prince, but of a King, whose delight is in the conferring of honours, and whose unbounded benevolence induces him to send heralds all over the world, that none may remain in ignorance, but freely reap the unknown and inexhaustible plenitude of its choice blessings.

A Q U E S T I O N.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN AND A FEMALE PEDANT.

MILTON hath well observed, that woman, though heaven's last, is yet her fairest gift to man. Without her even the garden of Eden had been dreary, and the pleasures of paradise without a relish. Blest with a peculiar softness, and endowed with the most delicate sensibility, she is naturally calculated to be the solacer of woe, the comfort of our lives, the charmer of our affections, and the possessor of our hearts.

The qualities which constitute the perfection, or rather amiableness of a female character, differ widely from those which accomplish the male. Nature having made this distinction, it is our business to observe it, for in proportion to our neglect of this, we render each ourselves ridiculous.

An accomplished woman is one, who mindful of her sex, studies only those graces which adorn it, knowing that human nature needs refinement and instruction; she scorns to live in ignorance of any branch of knowledge necessary for private happiness, public example, or domestic usefulness. By these rules she regulates her pursuits, and having obtained her end, as much as in her power, is indifferent whether mankind seem sensible of it or not.

Whereas

Whereas the female pedant courts knowledge on account of the praise it brings, not the advantage it produces. A proof of this is, that she lets slip no opportunity of shewing her learning, and purposely diverts every conversation, frequently in opposition to every rule of politeness, and maxim of good breeding, into some channel or line which will yield her the solitary pleasure of displaying her superior reading. A female pedant is generally a great talker, stiff in her language, ungraceful in her manner, positive in her assertions, and inflexible in her opinion. She often creates wonder, but never gains esteem; for even the lovers of learning despise it, when mixed with visible affectation in a female. It is late, if ever, that she enters Hymen's temple; nor is it proper she should, since a female pedant never fails to be an awkward mistress of a family. In fine, modesty and diffidence adorn the attainments of an accomplished woman, and the opposites to these virtues constitute the disagreeableness of an affected character.

F.

THE

THE ENQUIRY.

A S O N G.

WHERE strays my dear Jemmy? Oh tell me
ye swains,

O'er wood-lands, through valleys, or corn-waving
plains;

Gay prince of your sports, and first judge in each cause,
Who gives the proud victor the wreath of applause.

While summer's fair season blythe decks the sweet
groves,

The shepherds turn rambles, and heed not their loves;

In search of new pleasures they carelessly roam,

And we wish, though in vain, the dear wand'ers
home.

How lifeless the mead in his absence appears?

'Tis Jemmy, not Sol, my enraptur'd heart cheers;

Then tarry no longer—love brooks not delay,

But send all my fears and disquiets away.

Thy Jenny impatiently waits thy return,

While love's purest flame in her bosom doth burn;

Then haste to her arms fraught with honour and truth,

Thou fav'rite of age, and sweet pattern for youth.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd Hymen his torch and his altar prepares,
He gives to the Zephyrs the charge of all cares,
Love smiling awaits thy return to be blest,
And points to the temple in emblem of rest.

THE U S U R P E R.

WHAT sways the sceptre o'er the mind,
And makes it on occasions blind?
Say—doth one passion bear the rule,
And wisdom teach to play the fool?
What monarch wields the mighty rod,
And spoils the image of the god?
Doth on his head a regal plume
Of proud ambition state assume?
'Tis folly—madness at the best,
A gilded thorn to wound the breast.
Doth envy, discontent, or fear,
At times the sole dominion bear,
Their reign is short, and but by fits
Some note discordant fortune hits;
They vanish when she turns the wheel,
Her smile can all such sorrows heal.
But there's a prince who doth controul,
All other passions of the soul;
That rules with arbitrary sway,
While kings and slaves alike obey.

'Tis

'Tis love, whose all extensive pow'r
Can nip the bud, and crop the flow'r
Of youth and reason's blooming grace,
And happiness fair form deface.
Oh tell me, ye who e'er have known,
By sad experience of your own,
The various woes, the fleeting joys,
'Those servants love all times employs
To torture and to please the mind,
To give it eyes, then make it blind.
What fascination held the will,
And made it chuse the certain ill ?
Did you permit the dang'rous foe
To lay all other passions low ?
Say—did you court him to your arms,
Disguis'd in false delusive charms ?
Or did the traitor forward press,
And crush the seeds of happiness ?
Methinks I hear you sighing say,
I first admitted him in play ;
But soon the rebel took up arms,
And rais'd a thousand dread alarms ;
He threw down Reason from her hold,
Sent Prudence forth to die with cold,
Plac'd Recollection in the pound,
And every thought of study drown'd,
Humbled the pedantry of pride,
Bid formal order step aside,
Call'd in Deception for a guest,
And made him ruler o'er the rest ;

E

From

From which such various evils spring,
 As I can better feel than sing.
 Yet let us give him all his due,
 And paint him in the other view.
 Ye virgin throng, awhile attend,
 And know he may be made a friend ;
 Do but observe his first approach,
 Nor let him hastily encroach ;
 With caution listen to his tale,
 Try each profession in the scale
 Of Reason—and you'll surely find
 Him a solacer sweet and kind.

A I R.

WHEN first I saw her beaut'ous face,
 Her lovely form, and ev'ry grace,
 My heart felt joys divine :
 With secret rapture gazing !
 At beauty so amazing !
 I sigh'd, and wish'd her mine.

To

TO A GENTLEMAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

COME HASTE TO THE WEDDING, &c.

I.

COME haste to address him, ye friends and ye
neighbours,

Bright Phœbus is up, and upbraids your delay ;
Forget your employments, your pains, and your labours,

No care shall find entrance on this happy day.

Come, come and rejoice, with heart and with
voice,

We'll revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Here reigns bliss and sweet harmony,
Mirth and delight which no passions destroy.

II.

Amintor possessing, the wish and the blessing,
Of all, who his worth and integrity know,
This day claims the tribute of joyful expression,
And hopes, that from love and sincerity flow.

Arise to your guittars, your lutes, and pianos,

Ye virgins all deck'd in the garments of joy !
Here reigns bliss and sweet harmony,
Mirth and delight all our moments employ.

III.

All hail, gay Amintor ! now banish each sorrow,
Give grief to the winds, and your cares to the
waves ;

Be happy to-day, leave thought for the morrow,
We all will be free—not anxiety's slaves.

Then come and rejoice with heart and with
voice,

Be prince of these pleasures which never can
cloy ;

Here reigns bliss and sweet harmony,
Joy and delight without any alloy.

LOVE AND MIRTH.

LOVE and mirth are pretty things ;
Bear the thoughts on silken wings ;
Lead them far from care and woe,
While the velvet path they go.
Bring disappointment in the rear ;
Different is the form they wear,
Love is then anxiety,
Grief gives jocund mirth the lye.

HOPE

H O P E A N D F E A R.

HOW different are the paces Time affects,
As hope or fear the human mind directs;
Bending beneath the weight of age he creeps,
When hope the soul in expectation keeps.
Swift as the lightning's flash he seems to fly,
When fear of death, or dread despondency,
Present the grave or other terrors nigh. }

R E S I G N A T I O N.

DEATH gives command—all nature must submit,
Nor will he wait till mortals think they're fit.
When they would be so is a doubtful tense,
Too deep for finite judgment—human sense.
The infinite alone, by prescience knows,
The time most fit to end our various woes,
And calm submission to the almighty will,
Is best preservative from future ill.

AN EPISTLE.

ARABEL TO COLIN.

ALLOW me to sigh and complain,
Nor blame the emotions I feel,
'They spring from the wounds of the heart,
Which nor med'cine nor pleasure can heal.

In vain with the chearful I strive,
To join the laugh, and be gay,
Drear thought rushes into my mind,
And drives the delusion away.

In silence I grieve at my state,
And pray for a change in the scene,
'Twere vain should I murmur at fate,
Or counsels of wisdom demean.

Well suited to all is their lot,
'Tis their's to distinguish its use,
O may I be counsel'd by mine!—
Nor mourn, when too late, its abuse.

The world I can know and despise,
Its joys are deceivers I prove:
And all the rich treasure it boasts,
My soul feels a wish far above.

Yet

Yet while I remain here below,
One wish and one pray'r shall ascend :
That I may continue to know,
My Colin a guardian and friend.

If error hath blotted the page,
'Twas blindness occasion'd by love,
Then censure avant with thy stings,
And pity let Arabel prove.

While she seeks for the peace that hath flow'n,
And courts its return to her breast.
Oh bid her with tender concern,
Endeavour to sink into rest.

Though distant the hope may appear,
When certain the prize we would gain,
Each danger is conquer'd and fear,
We almost forget to complain.

When tears shall have ceased to flow,
Or pulses with rapture to beat ;
When alternate pleasure and woe,
Have giv'n to oblivion the seat.

Then low as myself be my fame,
Each foible be laid with my clay :
No Cynic my actions condemn,
Less fly—and designing than they.

O'er the turf that shall spring round my tomb,
 May Colin let fall a sad tear;
 'Twill shew I was worthy his love,
 If it makes his affection appear.

And when we shall meet in the skies,
 Disburthen'd of trouble and care.
 We'll raise a high note to his praise,
 Who purchas'd a seat for us there.

For ever employ'd on this theme,
 Our love shall for ever encrease.
 Still dearer to each we shall seem,
 Through ages which cannot decrease.

T H E S I G H.

WHAT pangs severe those bosoms feel?
 Where love and truth reside,
 When cruel fate steps in between,
 And mutual hopes divide.

In vain they seek heart-soothing peace,
 In vain her aid implore.
 Quickly she flies the eager grasp,
 And hails a diff'rent shore.

Where

Where love ne'er made a fatal pause,
Nor bid the flowrets die.
Where brighter suns illumine the scene,
And paint a milder sky.

M I S R A I M.

A T A L E.

MISRAIM, the son of Abdallah, entered the world under the most favourable auspices. He was the joy of his parents—the pride of his relatives—and the favourite of his acquaintance. Hilarity sparkled in his eye—good nature in his actions—Friendship had her throne in his heart, and Fancy tinged with the brightest colours his liberal sentiments. Endued with these natural talents, which learning had improved, he met with success and exulted in approbation. Fraughted with sensibility, the softer passions, easily and strongly, impressed his heart. Till beauty subdued him—his tranquillity had been but too secure.—From what he chiefly prized—his misfortunes arose. After a variety of distressing circumstances, arising from the envy of the partial throng, or the infidelity of a few, had blasted the wonted gayety of his disposition, rather than glut malignity or yield to despair, he resolved to forsake the pleasant plains, where oft in company with Cupid and with Truth he sweetly strayed;

strayed ; and to abandon the lowing meadows, with the fleecy hills of Bagdat. Conscious of the rectitude of his principle, yet grieved at the influence of his passions, which, often as the clouds the sun from human sight, concealed him from himself: he humbly offered up his orisons to the mighty prophet, and, prompted by the sense of former benefits received, threw upon his paternal goodness, the disposal of his life, and management of every coming care.

Misraim ascertained the real merit of every object, from two ample volumes, which he dearly loved, and closely studied. The book of nature—and that containing the doctrine of the prophet. Another volume indeed he carried with him, in which he wished to inscribe the most valuable passages, or important instructions drawn from the perusal of the former two. But as the meridian rays of passion, or the swelling tide of ambition, much unfitted him for his proposed task, he fled to the serenity of the silver shade—of cool reflection and religious thought ; which succeed the bursts of passion as naturally as the evening zephyrs the scorching heat. In these ivy-mantled bowers Wisdom held the mirror—Prudence plum'd the pencil—and the frequently invoked—the highly honoured—though unseen guardian directed his hand.

If these his foibles—and if such his plan ; Misraim's turn of mind may easily be inferred ; and the
the

the influence which external accidents had over him be computed. It is true he sighed for happiness—but coy like the rainbow—yet equally deluding—as he approached she withdrew. When he reached out his hand to grasp a rose—it was pierced with the rancour of a thorn. In his soul felicity existed—through his life disappointment reigned. Like the dove he sought for a resting place, which the floods of adversity denied. Fortune at last, wearied with trying that firmness she could not destroy, gave this thoughtful pilgrim a transient settlement in a dreary and bleak vale, situated between the impregnable castles of pride, and the selfish tenements of narrow industry. The natural growth of this spot was mushrooms, more specious than good. A product but ill adapted to the taste of Misraim. However, partial ill is often general utility; because heaven, even in its painful dispensations, regards the advantage of the whole; while to the immediate sufferer it blends compassion with denial, and clemency with correction. So found the contented pensive wanderer. Friendship the virtue of a seraph—the image of divinity—the sovereign balm, I had almost said, for every woe; by dividing his causes of complaint—in reality lessened them. While the mighty prophet supported him—he feared nothing: and when in social intercourse with his friends, he complained of no want.

A friend he had, “it was all of heaven he asked,” whose prosperity gladdened, and whose every woe
was

was truly felt. Poor souls, who ne'er this joy knew!—weak minds, whom e'er this grief depressed!

Nor was the exercise of Misraim's softer passions altogether interrupted, because on this poor spot there dwelt a daughter of nicest sensibility, who had also drank wisdom from the cup of adversity, and learnt the arrangement of thought from the chapter of disappointments. Congenial souls soon burn with mutual sympathy. Similar passions, where the same principles of truth and virtue exist, must necessarily produce similar effects. The purest friendship commenced; for esteem is frequently the child of admiration. And when once the exalted pleasures of this godlike virtue are experienced, it is not difficult to conceive, how objects till then pursued with ardour, lose in idea, and sicken in enjoyment. Friendship not only fills the chasms of life, but likewise absorbs a multitude of its most shewy pretences. Nor lute, nor lyre, nor mead, nor grove; the circles of the gay, nor haunts of the serious, are equal to the softness of its dictates, or the thrilling rapture of its higher exertions. Soon as we sip the virgin honey of sincerity, how despicable do pretended friends appear? The pleasing and perhaps alluring converse of former acquaintance loses the usual relish—and the sager dictates of grey hairs have not half the influence. Now we honestly confess our depravity of taste—blame our impropriety of choice—are vexed that we did not sooner see through the mask

mask of artifice, and wonder how ever insipidity could charm !

In the language of bashful modesty Balfora spoke ; in the most diffident, yet expressive manner, she wrote the feelings of her spotless soul. It is true, she sometimes appeared like the balmy morning overcast with western clouds. More she valued the friendship of Misraim, than the love of all others. Though the circle in which she moved had ever been very circumscribed, yet conscious that improvement is by no means a necessary consequence of opportunity, she endeavoured by assiduity and serious thought, to make up the unavoidable deficiencies of education. If her fortune denied her the more glaring and expensive pleasures, it was amply recompensed by a true taste for the more worthy and rational. To devote her vacant hours to literary pursuits, to spend them in remarks on men and manners, or to have her ideas corrected, and her views enlarged by the social intercourse of disinterested and intelligent friendship, yielded by far a higher rapture than to live in the momentary applause of an unthinking giddy throng—to shine at an assembly—or sparkle in the ring.

But see yon sly haggard cynic in the corner, whose clay cold bosom friendship never warmed ! How he grins at the description of a feeling, which from his ill-conditioned composition, he thinks must be romantic. With a design perhaps to censure, he concludes that friendship to woman is sister to love.

love. Misraim denied the universality of the maxim.

Balsora must have been more than woman not to have disputed the philosophy of the exception. She felt for the varied scene of Misraim's disappointments, and too plainly perceived, that his joys were generally but sports of imagination, which Hope begot, and Time might have realized, had not violent winds from the mountains of passion,—foxes from the woods of infidelity—or locusts from the land of anxiety;—nipped them in the bud,—stole them,—or wrested them by force.

Perhaps, exclaimed Balsora, the pensive Misraim, fraught with honour and supported by truth, dreads the leading a nymph to woe. My judgment approves his generous motive, while a passion sweeter than Philomel accuses his want of resolution.

Cappadocean like, she apprehended in such a case freedom would constitute misery. Misraim's situation forbid—and she was willing to construe the dictates of prudence to be the mandates of heaven. The purest attachments are not always the soonest happy. Ill-fated pair! whom an union of souls cements, and adverse fortune with the blackest perfidy disjoins.

F.

W E D.

W E D L O C K.

S O L O.

Institution fam'd for pleasure,
 Gentle bondage, soft restraint;
 Source of joy beyond expression,
 Which not fancy's self can paint.

C H O R U S.

Hymen, hail! thou kind attendant,
 To our sylvan shades repair;
 Haste to join in bands of wedlock,
 Th' enraptur'd youth and lovely fair.

S O L O.

They in vain, whose erring judgment
 Plutus guides, shall seek for bliss;
 Shade pursuing, substance losing,
 Of their hope shall ever miss.

C H O R U S.

Not from heaps on heaps possessing
 Is true pleasure found to spring;
 Happier in his humble dwelling,
 Oft's the shepherd than the King.

S O L O.

Mutual love alone bestows
 Joys ecstatic to the soul;
 Sympathy each pleasure doubling,
 Makes the hours in rapture roll.

C H O.

P O E M S.

C H O R U S.

Nymphs who love, and swains who languish,
 All to Hymen's shrine repair ;
 He relieves the pleasing anguish,
 And rewards the lover's pray'r.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Ev'ry doubt and fear averted,
 Love and pleasure's all our own ;
 Bliss on solid basis founded
 Shall the happy lovers crown.

A N O D E.

THE nymphs and the swains have their pastime
 forsook,

Since Corydon leave of the village has took ;
 Neglected the lambs may now carelessly roam,
 There's no one to bring the poor wanderers home.

The swains whose chief pride the fam'd fugitive was,
 Have lost all their ardor in pleasure's soft cause :
 No more to the wake or the dance on the green,
 The shepherds a leading their sweethearts are seen.

To his mem'ry not a nymph but a willow doth wear,
 The roses are fled from the cheeks of the fair ;
 And Philomel mourns not alone for her love,
 Since Corydon's miss'd from the lawn and the gro

Propitious

Propitious ye gods to our wishes then be,
 In our rural delights the dear youth let us see :
 So pleasure and mirth shall their empire regain,
 And his presence enliven the joys of the plain.

S I N C E R I T Y.

AS first of virtues we will place,
 Sincerity of god-like race ;
 Best imitative principle :
 Of him who in his ways to men,
 Is, will be, and has ever been,
 Firm, fixt, immutable.

P R I D E.

BANE of peace, deceitful foe,
 Source of even angels woe,
 Subt'lest enemy below,
 Whose wiles few can repel.

Great betrayer unto ill,
 Whose galling fetters rule the will,
 And doth the mind with notions fill,
 Such as in devils dwell.

F

Thou

Thou dazler of the human fight,
 Who doth the heart to scorn invite,
 Blackest daughter of the night,
 And deepest vice of hell.

ON READING THESE LINES IN A MAGAZINE,
 WHICH ARE MARKED WITH THE COMMA'S,
 THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WROTE—TO
 WHICH WE HAVE GIVEN THE NAME OF

THE RETREAT.

SONS of ambition, seek in vain for peace,
 For ever restless, nor aspiring cease
 Till hurl'd by envy, from the heights of pow'r,
 They fall disgrac'd—nor rise they any more.
 The sons of feeling search in vain for rest
 In crouded halls ; she's never there a guest :
 'Tis where the calm sweet voice of nature speaks,
 And o'er the soul in gentle rapture breaks.
 " Easy and calm behold the sturdy swain,
 " Till the rich earth, and dress the generous plain.
 " Work till the sun's bright beams in gold descend,
 " Then his slow footsteps to his cottage bend.
 " His cottage teems with many an infant dear,
 " His wife—his bed—and all his hopes are there.
 " With these he sits a glad and welcome guest,
 " Till lingering twilight points the hour of rest.
 " The

"The ruddy family its calls obey,
 "And rise all raptures with the rising day."
 In such a recess with the much-lov'd youth,
 Who holds my vows—vows made in purest truth.
 I then might hail the coming morn with joy,
 Nor trivial cares should the sweet calm destroy.
 That bliss forbid—a dreary wild appears,
 And morning dew but weeps before my tears;
 Yet come blest hope!—and bid my sorrows rest—
 And call my dear Amyntor to thy breast!—
 Soft as the zephyrs on the new-blown rose,
 Be all his thoughts, and healthful his repose.

C E N S U R E.

HUNDRED headed monster fell;—
 Censure inmate soul of hell:
 Deceitful gainer on the ear,
 Which doth in various shapes appear,
 Of thee I'd warn the young and fair,
 Who innocently heedless are.
 When in friendship's guise you walk,
 Creeping on by distant talk.
 Till the whim of knowing rais'd,
 Thy sagacity is prais'd:
 Then thy spell have double pow'r,
 Fame and Reason to devour.

F 2

Those

Those we credit, whom we love,
Prone their counsel to approve.
Right or wrong the partial mind,
Credits what's in semblance kind.
But the evil farther spreads,
When with malice wide it treads:
Leaps the boundaries of sense,
And to truth claims sure pretence.
Information doubtless good,
Cannot surely be withstood.
Thus the virgin's oft undone,
Blam'd for vice she has not known.
Each condemns his neighbour's wiles,
And self-consequence beguiles.
Had their trials fall'n to us,
We perhaps had acted worse.
Hence with kindness let us judge,
Blasph'd not by pique nor grudge.
Tho' some blame may be their share,
None without some failings are.

DESPAIR.

D E S P A I R.

MOMENTS on moments, still and still succeed;

Arm'd with new points, to make the wretched bleed.

Tedious they creep, yet bear my life away,

In sighs the night—in fruitless hope the day.

So the poor wand'rer on a desert coast,

Forlornly travels ev'ry help-mate lost.

The sun awhile his trembling footsteps guides,

And bears him further from the swelling tides.

'Till sudden darkness hides the face of day,

And livid fires amidst the horrors play.

Aghast he stands!—nor knows what path to take,

For none, alas!—came there a path to make.

The thunders roar, he flies some cell to find,

Nor dares to think on all he left behind.

Descending rains a mighty deluge pour,

And raging winds a forest's pride deflow'r.

The cedars fall—the humbler tenants bend,

While well-known rocks the savage race defend.

In vain he tries to keep his tottering feet,

Vainly he presses on—or makes retreat.

Before—behind—on either side he turns,

Here torrents fall, and there dire light'ning burns:

One moment more, for all he loves he sighs,

The bolt descends—and he despairing dies.

O N R I D I C U L E .

Ridicule is excited by a comparison between what is grand and what is mean. It is not absolutely necessary that there should be any connection between these two qualities, in order to excite our ridicule. Let us for instance suppose an exceeding fine lady in her own estimation, dressed quite a-la-mode, and amazingly rich in the opinion of every beholder, appears at church in all the etiquette of fashion ; and that during the time of a most serious discourse, a large dog, all over filth and nastiness, should come running in, and leap on her knee, would not the muscles of the most part of the audience suffer a willing distortion ? Not long ago, a certain popular preacher was gravely exhorting a crowded assembly, when a sow entered the church, which the sexton attempting to turn back, run between his legs and fairly overset him. The hearers laughed—nor will the liberal mind be surprised when I tell them, the parson did so too. Were our greatest intimates, nay our brother, when genteely dressed, preparing for an assembly or ball, to fall in a rainy day, just as he handed a favourite belle to her coach, we would not only laugh, but even the lady, notwithstanding the hazard she run of being disappointed in a partner for that evening, would join us, while next moment she begged his pardon, hoped

hoped he was not hurt, and pretend to console with his misfortune.

It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that sometimes things of the greatest moment and importance, have been disconcerted by the smallest trifles. As to public speakers, many of the ablest, at moments when the public good was the subject, have been perfectly unhinged, even in the pathos of their eloquence, by objects presenting themselves, which excited in them the feelings of ridicule. With respect to actions, numbers of instances corroborating the same truth might easily be quoted. The most accidental and insignificant circumstances, raising it to the degree of laughter, hath spoiled many a well concerted plan, rendered many a one disagreeable to their equals, and created them a multitude of foes among their inferiors. And silence is not more naturally the channel of contempt, than laughter is that of ridicule. Some are by nature more formed to perceive the comic contrast than others; and should we meet with any on whom it never operates, we may, without injustice to them, conclude, that they are also void of the finer and nobler feelings of the breast.

No doubt where there is a connection between great and small objects, the contrast is the greater. A parody is a strong cause of ridicule, in which the verses that express a grand sentence in one poet, are used to express a mean one in another. We naturally affix a kind of additional dignity to the very

lines and images which convey a noble and striking sentiment in any eminent poet, and are doubly charmed to find it so used by another.

Thus scripture phrases, when applied to mean and trifling objects, though they are very profane, are very ridiculous, because the more grave and serious the subject is which the expressions usually denote, the stronger is the ridicule when they are applied to any thing diametrically opposite or truly mean. The ridicule in the poem called, the Splendid Shilling, consists in using a kind of verse which is always applied to solemn subjects, to a trifling one. Perhaps there is no article or subject which may not be placed in such a point of view as to admit of ridicule, by first pompously displaying circumstances relative thereto, which are truly grand; and after descanting on others equally mean, should join them by a probable line of association or bond. A moral character may easily be placed in such an odd situation as shall make it appear ridiculous, though the character is not really so. On this is founded the ridicule of Aristophanes's characters, and the generality of those of the incomparable Shakespear and Ben Johnson; that is, not by pointing out circumstances really ridiculous, but by placing the character in such a situation as is so. In every thing to which we give the idea of importance, we expect some degree of dignity. When the contrary happens, the contrast between the grandeur expected, and the meanness that appears, excites

excites a strong sense of ridicule. A bad prospect does not make us laugh, unless it be shewn us for a good one; but a bad picture is really ridiculous, because that art bespeaks our wonder, and tends to create admiration. It would be impossible to look at a man only three feet high without laughing, because he falls so short of that majesty of stature which most men have.

Lord Shaftesbury says, that Ridicule is the test of truth, but indisputably his Lordship cannot be supposed to mean truth in the general acceptation of the word, but only in a metaphorical sense. For example, to say that ridicule is the test of mathematical truth would be absurd. If one man affirmed that the sun stood still, and another that it moved, either proposition, making the man laugh who affirmed the contrary, is not on that account the less true, since it can never in justice be asserted, that reason is the test of abstract propositions, nor of matters of fact, though of truth, in a metaphorical sense, probably it may.

It may be the test of fitness and propriety in our actions in a great measure, for we have no other way of declaring that we think any thing ridiculous than by laughing at it. We confess that we say a true picture, a true building, a true sentiment, &c. In this metaphorical sense it may be the test of propriety in the arts, and of fitness in our conduct. Thus the connection of grandeur and meanness throws a ridicule on a subject, and any object whatever

ever may be placed in such a light as to excite this feeling, while, after all, it is, properly speaking, the group of figures that is ridiculous, and not any figure by itself.

F.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

IF of a truth, young hero, you're in love,
By symptoms such as follow, you may prove }
The subtle passion, which no art can move.

I.

Does each fond thought dwell on the pleasing maid ?
Has reason quite refus'd her needful aid ?
These are the first effects of love's blind rage,
And least of all the ills you must engage.

II.

Whene'er the nymph blyth in your sight appears,
Is ev'ry nerve quick shook with timid fears,
And sudden hopes alternate ?—then you may,
Conclude your rebel heart has gone astray.

III.

Have other passions sunk beneath a wish ?
Is she alone essential to your bliss ?
Friendless and poor would she your love possess ?
Or should you, if so fated, love her less ?

Was

IV.

Was it her beauty caught your roving eye ?
Sickness or time that beauty may destroy.
Think with yourself, would still your love remain,
If not—conclude it but a fancy'd pain.

V.

Or did her sense the deep struck wound impart ?
And spread the pleasing sickness o'er your heart ?
Is not that sense with wit too poignant mixt ?
Or by strict rules of well-poiz'd reason fix'd.
She whose keen satire gives too deep a wound,
To keep a lover never yet was found.

VI.

Is she right woman of a curious turn ?
Does in her breast a spark of envy burn ?
Ever be cautious ere you think you love,
The disposition of the fair to prove.

VII.

If balls and cards your fav'rite nymph delight,
Are such diversions grateful to your sight ?
Or has she levity ! beware its harms,
And flee the soft delusion of her charms.

VIII.

Or if to gravity she's much inclin'd,
And in the pensive style her mind :
Perhaps by melancholy fears possess'd,
The timid fair may fancy'd ill suggest ;
Say—could your love in soothing language try,
To make the maid from such delusions fly ?

Could

XI.

Could you for her resign your liberty,
 And with domestic joys contented be?
 Yield ev'ry wish to her more pleasing choice,
 And dwell with pleasure on her suasive voice?
 Can she with soft affection keep your love,
 Or to another may your wishes rove,
 If yet more fair, or rich, or young than she,
 Or should you ever think ye constant be?

This test consider, and then try thy heart,
 Too prone to mischief, and the traitor's part.
 As wary mariners the stars observe,
 To see if right they steer or blindly swerve.
 So on the coast of matrimonial care,
 Of hidden rocks and quicksands—Oh! beware!
 With false appearances the world deceives,
 He mourns too late, who fast bound evil grieves.
 Attentive watch the temper, and designs
 Of her, to whom your heart with love inclines.
 The hour of adoration soon will pass,
 And fated fancy turn the pleasing glass.
 Suspend thy ardour, with impartial eye,
 The fair one's virtues, and her faults descry.
 A trifling error may thy peace destroy,
 And nip the bud of ev'ry promis'd joy.
 But for perfection—never—never seek,
 Thine own demerits cannot that bespeak:
 It is enough if in thy mistress' breast,
 Virtue resides, and prudence is a guest.

The

The one insures attention to your will,
The other doth each thought with pleasure fill.
Much on thyself must in this case depend ;
'Tis for thy future bliss—be thine own friend.—
Whatever is her reigning foible, try
To make her from its hateful influence fly.
If she persists—her love is not sincere :
Leave her for ay—or dire contentions fear.
But if convinc'd—she shuns what gives you pain,
Embrace the penitent—no more complain.
Fully repose thy soul within her arms,
She shall repay thee by a thousand charms.
Mild gratitude shall glisten in her eye,
And soft affection force the tender sigh.
For thee—each wish—each thought—each look,
 shall prove
Her fixt attachment, and her constant love.
On earth no state so full of bliss is found,
As mutual love at Hymen's altar crown'd.

T H E W A S P S.

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED—TO THOSE, WHO,
BECAUSE THE AUTHOR HAD NEVER BEEN OUT
OF WOOLWICH FOR HER EDUCATION, UNGENE-
ROUSLY QUESTIONED, IF SHE COULD COMPOSE
THE POEMS OCCASIONALLY PRODUCED BY HER,
WHICH NOW CONSTITUTE THIS COLLECTION.

HARD is the fate of mortal man,
Whatever be his fav'rite plan ;
For chance it is but some may wonder,
He on that same design should blunder.
However—lest I supersede
My purposes, go on, and read.

A Wasp, as story doth relate,
Of humble rank within the state.
Whene'er the toils of day were o'er,
Above the neighb'ring Wasps would soar:
And strange—yet I would have you know,
He envy'd not the great below.
In meditation pleas'd he spent,
The ev'ning hours on wisdom bent.
The earth—the air—the sky—the flow'rs,
He scann'd by dint of mental powers.
Much more he learn'd by application,
Than was expected in his station.

But

But modestly conceal'd his knowledge,
Until a brother came from college.
With him he frequently would chatter,
Of trees—of brooks—and such like matter.

Surpriz'd, the busy Wasps all cry,
We cannot think the reason, why
You Drone should be so much preferr'd;
We never of his talents heard,
Had he possess'd them why not shew it,
And let all other Insects know it?

It is impossible—besides—
No one their excellencies hides;
But ever proud on that will dwell,
In which they others do excell.
Still more—pray how should he obtain;
He, humblest Wasp that skims the plain,
The charms of learning or of science,
To set his neighbours at defiance.

We know his narrow education
Was suited to his humble station.
Hence we proclaim he little knoweth,
Nor will believe although he sheweth
Some proofs of skill, of taste, and spirit,
Determin'd to deny him merit.

A Wasp who long did silent sit
To hear their despicable wit,

Now spoke—My friends, with due submission,
Just let me read this Wasp's petition.

Imprimis, Sirs, he humbly pleadeth,
E'er your superior judgment readeth

His

His youthful labours—that you'd lay
 Envy and malice quite away ;
 Since for the candid he alone,
 Hath trifles into order thrown,
 Convinced that the judicious few
 Will ever praise where praise is due,
 And as for those whom ignorance,
 Ill-nature, pride, and want of sense,
 Lead captive to mean prejudice,
 He only begs to tell them this :
 " Fortune to fools may riches give,
 " Beauty from nature some receive,
 " But sense and nobleness of mind
 " Are gifts she hath to few confin'd."

THE P I P P I N.

ON FIDELIO'S PRESENTING TO THE AUTHOR A
 GOLDEN PIPPIN.

WHEN Eve in sad hour, took leave of each bow'r,
 And sweetly rais'd flow'r,
 'Twas all for a Pippin.
 When goddesses strove—on the mount of great Jove,
 For Paris's love :
 The prize was a Pippin.

When

When merchant men roam, in desarts from home,
 'Tis whispered by some,
 They seek for a Pippin.
 When young lovers sigh—they do it—for why,
 Not a glance of the eye,
 Ye fair—but a Pippin.
 The poet at night would his muse ne'er invite,
 For assistance to write,
 But in hopes of a Pippin.
 'Twas a show'r of gold, made Danae of old,
 The immortal enfold;
 Thus gold is a Pippin.
 So charmingly sweet, we're all tempted to eat,
 Which oft makes me repeat,
 There is nought like a fine Golden Pippin.

MORAL REMARKS AND MAXIMS.

Religion is a tree, of which faith is the root—
 divine grace the juice—obedience the body—
 and philanthropy the branches.

Happiness groweth for our delight, and in its native soil was, is, and will continue in perfection. But when we would transplant it to ours, the exotic is of so delicate a nature as not even to shoot, save in a very few grounds, and there its fullest flower and ripest fruit is but a feint resemblance of the paradisaical tree.

G

To

To seek happiness by any means contrary to the precepts of religion, is to obtain perdition by trouble and anxiety.

Time spent with a friend is the true *beau monde*. It restores the languid mind, and gives fragrance to the rose of vivacity. But how nice is the distinction between real friends and only social companions. Both agree in their professions—it is the province of prudence to discern their sincerity. Credulity may dwell in a good heart, though never in an improved understanding. The matron never undresses before another than her husband—the heart should never be disclosed but to a friend. To him the soul may safely unveil herself; her little blemishes are scarce noticed, because her virtues gain their true estimation. Before the social companion, should interest or passion rule within, every speck is a mountain—every merit but pretence—every word a double meaning—every remark an insinuation—and every sentiment construed as if intended to reproach. Still he smiles with you over your bowl—laughs at you over another's. Beware of so despicable an intimate, lest you fall a sacrifice to his malevolence.

T O - M O R R O W.

If any one should ask me, what is the most serviceable to our hopes on this side the grave, I would answer—To-morrow. However insignificant such a
reply

reply may seem in itself, I beg the reader to consider for a moment the vast benefit he has received from it—what it promises—and what, for aught he knows, it still has in reserve. How sorrowful would he look—how discontented would he be, did not this universal friend step in, amidst the afflictions of to-day, and gently whisper, he may be happy to-morrow. See yon wretch, who for almost countless years hath been tugging at the oar, or digging in the mines, till all the life of life is gone, yet he hails the setting sun—with a certain degree of pleasure composes himself—not sure from recollection of labours past—no—it is from the humble hope that next day they will be lighter—perhaps some lucky accident may end them. We may indeed speak of To-morrow in paradoxical language, and while we acknowledge it to be an inestimable good, with the same breath pronounce it a deadly evil.

V I C I S S I T U D E.

Why art thou so cast down, O my soul? And why so disquieted within me? is a question I often put to myself, when care with weight oppressive breaks my rest—or misfortune's keener edge forces the sigh elastic from my heart. To the self-imposed deceit, in which we generally chuse to live, is owing the anxiety we feel. Daily experience might convince us how vastly incapable sublunary things are of giving delight. Indeed he builds too low for

bliss who builds beneath the stars. But alas! we assent not to the disagreeable truth, till repeated disappointments extort the confession. Thousands agree in opinion who differ in practice. Shall the proud victor boast to-day his scars—his honours—and his fame—when to-morrow may lay them in the dust, or himself grace the conquest of another. Or shall the poor misfortunate, surrounded with afflictions, despair, when next rising sun may bring a full discharge, and overpay all his sufferings with a tide of joy. Let us review the past—improve the present—and trust the future—to him who suspends the globe in air.

Equity is a lion—custom, a fox.

We never praise others so ingenuously as when we are well pleased with ourselves.

The ruling passion in every breast, from the cabinet to the orange-barrow, is pride.

Virtue is but a name unless it flows from principle. Our principles, like the rainbow, are often nothing more than reflected rays.

The advice of a fool may save a tottering wise man, and his reproofs, though corrosives, amend the heart, and tend to regulate the affections.

Vice is not deceitful in herself, we furnish her with a mask, and then blame her for wearing it.

As in life we meet with four glaring characters, each of those in whom they exist being called Gentlemen, it may not be amiss to define them.

A real gentleman is one who has a good heart, solid understanding, and uniform politeness.

A daily gentleman—by that I mean the man, who every hour, and in all places, we meet with, and to whom universal practice gives the appellation—money makes him.

The occasional gentleman is one, who, as it were, forces the denomination—and his characteristics are—impudence and ignorance.

The cockaded gentleman — Honour — though sometimes his commission is the only charter.

D.

I N F I D E L I T Y.

APPROACH stern winter in thy gloomy dress,
Let bleak winds howl and raging storms
distress.

No more in chearful green ye woods be clad!—
Or tow'ring oaks afford a leafy shade!—
Ye blooming flow'rets droop your heads and die,
If e'er the false—the perjur'd fair be nigh.
Each damask rose shall blush itself to death,
The tainted victim of Rosina's breath.

Once brightest nymph on Caledonia's plains,
Her sexes envy—idol of the swains,

G 3

She

She reign'd by beauty o'er a thousand hearts,
 Her eyes the bow—her smiles the fatal darts.
 Pleas'd, her soft chains the willing captives wore,
 Nor wish'd that freedom which they knew before.
 Majestic sweetness in her air was seen,
 And all the graces revell'd in her mien :
 Her winning softness fatally could prove,
 To see was rapture—and to hear was love.

Clitander came—he saw—and he ador'd,
 In vain had others sigh'd—in vain implor'd.
 But he more favour'd—happier than the rest,
 Obtain'd her love, and in that love was blest.
 No hope he knew, but what could give her joy,
 Her bliss alone did all his thoughts employ :
 To her—he made the charms of learning yield,
 And ev'ry thought was with Rosina fill'd.
 Nor less the maid for fond Clitander sigh'd,
 If he was absent ev'ry pleasure dy'd.
 Or did he frown—the starting tear express'd,
 That fear had robb'd her panting heart of rest.
 Tir'd of the croud—they'd seek some blest retreat,
 Where unmolested, they might safe repeat,
 The tender thought which absence had inspir'd,
 The mutual flame with which their breasts were
 fir'd.

Pale Cynthia as she mark'd her nightly way,
 With beam enamour'd o'er the stream did play,
 Which glided soft beside the charming bow'r,
 Where the fond pair beguil'd the ev'ning hour.

Her

Her they invok'd to hear their solemn vow,
While to the pow'r supreme their hearts did bow.
With ready hand they each a contract sign'd,
Which should as marriage both the parties bind.
But what is bliss that changeth ere 'tis noon!
A transient sunshine and precarious boon.
The treach'rous fair when threat'ning storms
drew nigh,

Sought for the shelter of a milder sky.
Ah, wretched maid, canst thou thy vows recall;
Or bid their pow'r to dark oblivion fall?
Say, canst thou blot them from the sacred page,
To please a blinded father's foolish rage?
What's the reversion which thy per'ry gains?
A youth of sorrow—deep disgrace—and pains.
Old age shall bring thee little else but shame,
And conscience gnaw thee with perpetual blame.
See him whom once you fondly wish'd so well!
Ah see him languish—hear him pleading dwell!
On joys for ever and for ever past,
On vows you scorn, but which shall ever last.
Truth is his guide—or he would hate your charms,
And spurn the soft enchantment of your arms.

Deaf as the adder in coquet'ry lost,
By pride upon the rocks of error tofs'd:
Or more than pride by guilty wishes led,
The giddy fair forsakes the hallow'd bed,
In search of pleasures without sanction flies,
And to her God—and to her husband lies.

Infatuated father timely hear,
 And for thyself, and for thy daughter fear.
 A threat'ning cloud hangs o'er your guilty heads,
 And far and wide the dreadful mischief spreads.
 Stern justice shakes her ready lifted rod,
 And yelling furies point to their abode.
 And wilt thou lead her to the brink of hell,
 Where all the perjur'd and malicious dwell?
 What wilt thou plead when conscience bids thee
 come,

And at thine own tribunal hear thy doom?
 When tottering on the verge of death you stand,
 And look in vain for any saving hand.
 What eurst ambition sways your erring will?
 And with its baneful influence doth kill,
 Each softer feeling of humanity,
 And taints thy soul with blackest perjury.
 Her crimes upon herself shall heavy fall,
 But on thy head a double weight for all.
 Thou scandal to a father's sacred name—
 Thou blast of honour—and thou scorn of fame!—

Ye virgin throng whom innocence adorns!
 Whose beauty's pure as is the op'ning morn's;—
 Whose sensibility can lend the tear,
 Whene'er anxiety or trouble's near,
 Pity the youth who only lov'd too well,
 On whom those varied sorrows heavy fell.
 Think ere you vow—the nature of the deed,
 Lest in a future time your peace should bleed.

Dare

Dare to be just!—and self-applause will pay,
 Ev'n in the horrors of the darkest day.
 'Tis yours, ye swains, to act the worthy part,
 Nor e'er betray the fond believing heart.
 Whoever loves deserves a kind return,
 Quite the reverse of injury or scorn.
 Whoe'er deceives no punishment can meet,
 Bad as his crime—or as his vices great.
 Clitander's woes may warn you to be wise,
 Grasp not too eager any tempting prize,
 Lest like Rosina she may faithless prove,
 And pay with scorn, who honours her with love.

A NEW VERSION OF THE OLD BALLAD,

USUALLY CALLED,

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WHEN midnight hid in shades the world,
 And ev'ry eye was clos'd in sleep:
 Forth from her tomb the ghost of Marg'ret stole,
 And grimly looking stood at William's feet.
 Her faded beauty seem'd like to a morn
 Of April, hid in winter's misty clouds:
 And cold indeed was her fair hand, with which
 She held her winding sheet, and sable shroud.
 So shall the fairest face that e'er was seen,
 Appear, when a few years are flown away.

For

For even Kings shall wear a robe like this,
 When death has rest them of their state and crown.
 Such was her bloom, as is the springing flow'r
 That drinks the silver dews refreshing sweets.
 And on her cheek, the blushing rose appear'd
 Just budding fresh, and op'ning to the view.
 But love fell poison—fatal in excess,
 Had brought on melancholy's dreary train.
 Her beauty fled, and ev'ry charm was lost,
 In an untimely unexpected death.
 To soul convicted William thus she spoke !—
 Awake !—and hail the midnight visitant,
 Come from her grave t' upbraid thee with thy fault.
 And lend a pitying ear unto the maid,
 You could not love sufficiently to save.
 This is the hour of horror—to the soul
 Opprest with guilt—premeditated—base—
 Who heedless of the hapless virgin's tears,
 For love sincere—but infamy returns.
 Bethink thee of thy fault, and broken oath :
 Thou wretch with perjury and guilt replete !—
 And give me back the vow—the vow I made
 E'er reason was mature enough to guide.
 How could you say my face was sweetly fair,
 And win the soft affections of my soul ?
 Yet leave that face a prey to care and grief,
 And give my heart to sorrow's endless throb.
 Nor oaths had power to bind—nor tears to melt—
 Tears from those eyes which once you swore were
 bright.

Per-

Perfidious man ! Thou didst not weigh
How great the guilt to promise and deceive.
Did you not say my lips were wond'rous sweet ?
How could you cause their scarlet to decay ?
Ah ! why did I, young witless giddy girl !
Believe each too—too flatt'ring tale was true ?
That face no more can boast its wonted bloom,
And ev'ry charm is hid in endless night.
Death has my fondest hopes despoil'd,
For ever clos'd my eyes on fraud and thee.
The hungry worm my frame destroys,
And odious reptiles my companions are ;
Tedious and dull appears th' intervening time,
When the last morn shall call us to arise,
A long—a solemn—and a sad adieu !
Yon cock's shrill clarion now forbids my stay ;
False as thou art, come see how low she's plac'd—
Whom love for thee sent early to her grave.
The ruddy east proclaim'd the rising day,
The mounting lark began her matin song :
When William pale with guilt and dread affright,
Distracted rose, and frantic left his home.
He sought the fatal place—where hid in earth
The body of fair Marg'ret lay conceal'd.
Then threw himself upon the green grass turf,
Which cover'd her inanimated clay,
He ray'd—and wept—and call'd on Marg'ret's name.
But she no more could hear—no more believe—
'Till spent with grief—on the cold earth he sunk—
To rise in an unknown—unthought of world.

O N

O N S Y M P A T H Y.

THE works of nature, which display such beauty, order, and harmony, are a noble subject of speculation to every rational creature. How amiable and how pleasant is it to survey with accuracy and thought, her various scenes exhibited to the view of all! What delight and satisfaction result from such exercise? The situation—the greatness—the splendour—the uses of the celestial luminaries—the dignity with which this more than plastic power adorns each object in the wide expanse—the profusion of riches and sweetness of charms wherewith she decorates the plants, flowers, and all the vegetables of the field. The natural propensity infused into every irrational creature, whereby they are impelled to do, and delight in those things peculiar to, and perfective of their species, justly excite our admiration, and secure our esteem. But we are lost in wonder! O may we be so in love and praise! when in every possible point of view we consider man, the greatest and noblest work of God. How conspicuous shines the divine benignity in his situation! Having placed him at the head of this lower world, with every other creature subject to him, they being of a nature far inferior to his. Secondly, in the amazing, the curious, and yet the most safe and commodious structure of his body. Thirdly, in the several powers and qualities of his mind, in which
there

there are principles or feelings that interest him in the good or bad fortunes of others, an enquiry into which is at present to engage our attention.

The pity or compassion awakened by viewing the calamities of others, is properly called Sympathy, which in general denotes our fellow feeling with the sorrows of others, or in other words our being affected to a certain degree with their misfortunes. If when we observe a person humbled by adversity, weakened by sickness, borne down by oppression, stabbed by calumny, betrayed by his friends, or reduced to poverty, whose attitudes, motions, and gestures discover the concern or anxiety of his mind, we in imagination place ourselves in the same condition, and endeavour to bring home to ourselves the most minute articles of distress which can possibly occur to him, the sufferer—then we, the spectators of his distress, are justly said to sympathise with him.

That there is no one entirely void of this innate principle, of which every rational creature has his own share, some a greater, others a less, requires no demonstration; each hour's experience proves it. Even supposing our dispositions to be of the hard, cruel, and savage kind, yet on beholding our fellow creatures suffering any severe punishment, or in any deplorable circumstances whatever, if we attend to our emotions of soul at that instant, we should indisputably find them to be those of pity and compassion to the sufferer. For example, who ever beheld the
execution

execution of a malefactor without some regret, though reason proclaimed the sentence to be just? None but those who have perverted every natural feeling of the soul—who are lost to every virtue, and to such there can be no fair appeal.

Nor does this principle of sympathy lay concealed, though the sufferer should. Since just and lively representations of distress, which for the most part we meet with in tragedies, and frequently in pictures, rouse to a very great degree our social affections, and warmly interest us in the fortunes of those whose condition they are intended to describe or represent. The more natural these descriptions or representations are, the deeper they affect us. That they produce this effect is plainly evident. What was it but a natural image of the mournful circumstances of Troy, the toils and labours of the heroes, delineated on the walls of the Carthaginian temple, which melted to tears the intrepid *Æneas*? Who ever beheld the exquisite touches of a Reynolds pencil, in expressing a Hugolini's distress, without feeling for the injured Count? Who, possessed of sensibility, ever saw Garrick tread the stage, without approving of a Hamlet's resentment—or when an impious Richard stabs his sovereign, each breast receives a wound.

History and poetry, or indeed simple narration, provoke the feeling of which we speak. By means of this power we mingle in the combat of the *Horatii*—we sigh with *Regulus*—and die with liberty
and

and Cato. Still stronger, perhaps, is the influence of poetry in this respect. We plead with Andromache to keep the vallant Hector from the bloody plains—with Evander complain of our inability to revenge a Pallas slain in Latium's well fought field—with Eve we pine for pleasures lost—and with her widowed mother in the lonely vale, we mourn the fair Lavinia's fate. Tell but the tale of artless grief, it moves each generous mind.

Let these suffice to prove this principle is innate.

Upon strict examination into the nature of this original feeling, we shall perceive that there are various degrees of it, some perfect, others imperfect, there being certain peculiarities which necessarily render it so, although even in its greatest heights it falls short of the actual distress.

The first circumstance that tends to render our sympathy perfect, is the cause of the sufferer's grief being sufficiently known to us—for unless this be the case, our sympathy is always extremely imperfect. The second is, if this grief be so proportioned to the cause, neither excessive nor defective, that the emotions of our own breast correspond to those of the sufferer. The last is when the object stands in any relation to ourselves.

In a word, our sympathy, as the ingenious Dr. Smith remarks, in his beautiful Theory of Moral Sentiments, may be called perfect, when after being fully acquainted with the cause, we conceive ourselves placed in the sufferer's situation, and upon
finding

finding the emotions of our own breast to be in perfect agreement with those of his, we entirely approve of them. On the contrary, a deficiency in any of the above named circumstances abates our social woe, and cools our natural eagerness to relieve.

Now considering the frailties of humanity, and that no state or station in life exempts from misfortunes, mutual commiseration incessantly affords a common fountain of joy and delight. Since it yields at least a mournful pleasure to the persons principally concerned, to discern their friends and companions suffering along with them, and thus easing them of a vast part of their heavy burden. Sympathy is a powerful elixir to a wounded mind. Its soft and peaceful soothings are frequently the only joys which the distressed receive, or indeed can relish. Nor do we less approve of ourselves for being so framed, as to be capable of exerting that tenderness and regard, so productive of satisfaction to our fellow creatures.

It is also evident that we have not a greater propensity to sympathise with the social, than a fixed aversion to enter into the unsocial passions.

As to the social affections, they in every respect appear graceful and becoming: far from entertaining the least disgust at them, we with alacrity enter into them, and are most pleased with ourselves when our dispositions readily adopt them. Thus joy, provided there is no envy in the case, where is the mortal who is unwilling to enter into this agreeable

agreeable sensation? Even objects of distress, though they give us pain, nevertheless raise no aversion in us; for no sooner does the plaintive voice of misery strike our ear, but it disturbs our rest—it engages our attention, and disposes us to meditate assistance and redress. So honourable is this general sensation, that, to use the language of the celebrated Hutchinson in his *Ethicks*, “we cannot wish to be divested of it, even when it occasions to us severe distresses and sorrows: and the contrary temper, the hard insensible heart, though free from such cares and sorrows, we naturally detest, and deem it miserable, because it is odious and base.”

Whereas with respect to our unsocial passions, they are naturally the objects of our aversion: always appearing in a disagreeable light, with which we have not the least inclination to associate. Who doth not study to avoid the shafts of malice—the poison of envy—and the darts of anger. These baneful passions fill with horror, and create disgust. They repel each fellow-feeling, and stimulate the opposite good qualities. Who doth not shudder at the cruelty of Procrustes—the wrath of Achilles—the passion of an Alexander—or the despotism of a Nero? Represent barbarity or inhumanity in any light—and each virtuous breast condemns! Tell the effects of ungoverned passion—and we blame the agent! Relate the acts of insensibility—and we immediately despise the possessor. Upon the whole,

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none

none ever yet have been so depraved—so lost to morals, as to approve of what was truly bad ; and we will never act in consonancy with what we wholly disapprove of. For the social affections have not more influence to make us love the person in whom we see them, than the unsocial have to disgust us at the person in whom they are. Happy for men and good for society is it, that these disagreeable emotions, are less easily, and more rarely communicated than the other !

Hence it appears, that Sympathy in general tends greatly to promote the happiness and security of men. For in how mournful a condition would human affairs be—unless the blessed operations of this fellow-feeling were universal ? Had men no attachment to their brethren in distress—no pity to recompence those expressive symbols of grief, namely, sighs—groans—and tears, then were our circumstances in life little better than the brute creation. In such a case nothing generous, benevolent, or divine, would exist among mankind. The bond of civil society would be dissolved ; and the cement of souls, our nobler part be lost. It is Sympathy which joins the intellectual part of creation together—it is this emanation of the divine nature which rivets man to man, and renders each individual, instrumental in raising, and protecting a beautiful and perfect whole.

F.

H Y M N S.

P O E M S.

99

H Y M N S.

O N T H E N A T I V I T Y.

WHILE solemn sounds salute our ears,
An angel of the Lord appears !
He brings us tidings from above !
Of joy—of mercy—heav'nly love.

Sinners rise with one accord,
Hail your Saviour—hail your Lord,
Humble adorations bring,
Hail the spotless infant King.
Hear the host of heaven proclaim
Glory—glory—glory
Glory—glory
To Jehovah's name.

While earth rejoices with the sound,
Of peace—of pardon—and of grace :
Immanuel's born, the Lord of Lords,
The Son of spotless Holiness !

The welcome morning chafes night,
And calls us to the heav'nly sight,
Of Jesus mortals ever sing,
Glory—glory—glory,
Glory—glory
To our heav'nly King.

H 2

E A S T E R.

E A S T E R.

DEATH is conquer'd—lost its power,
 Every band dissever'd lies ;
 Empty found our Lord's sepulchre,
 Strikes his murd'ers with surprise.
 O Death, where is thy dreadful sting,
 Or grave thy victory !

His bitter suff'rings bought our peace,
 His streaming blood our souls makes pure ;
 He mourn'd the wretched sinners loss,
 And did his father's wrath endure.
 The sacrifice is perfect found,
 And justice satisfied.

Rise, ye sinners—rise with Jesus,
 In shouts of triumph rend the sky ;
 Seek the mansions he prepares you,
 To your dear redeemer fly.
 On his merits firmly trusting,
 Hallelujahs ceaseless sing.

P E N T E.

P E N T E C O S T.

HOLY spirit erst descending
From the heavenly realms above;
Dwell with us as those disciples,
Brethren met in christian love.

Jesus merciful and kind,
Who the comforter did send;
Shed thy sacred influence o'er us,
Thou who art the sinners friend.
Light divine our souls illumine,
Ev'ry anxious doubt disperse;
Faith inviting, hope delighting,
We the sacred theme rehearse.

"Immanuel reigns in glory divine,
"The beams of his godhead more eminent shine;
"His ransom'd he calls—we the summons obey,
"And praises to Jesus incessantly pay."
Hallelujah—Hallelujah—Hallelujah—
Jesus reigns eternally.

ON HEARING A SERMON OF THE REV. MR. TURNER'S, AT WOOLWICH, FROM THESE WORDS,
JOHN XI. 35. "JESUS WEPT."

HE weeps, the king of glory weeps !
Blush guilty sinners at the sight !
Why flow'd the tears from eyes divine,
Bright sources of eternal light.

Laz'rus had nature's debt discharg'd,
His forfeit life the clay forsook ;
O'er him the saviour breath'd a sigh,
He wept—and mortals grief partook.

As man he mourn'd his friend in death ;
As God he felt his creature's woe,
Heard all their plaints, and spoke them peace,
Bid death his fatal grasp let go.

Come forth, he said, the soul returns,
From sleep of death the man revives ;
Call'd back to tread the maze of life,
At Jesus high command he lives.

He weeps, the king of glory weeps !
Blush guilty sinners at the sight ?
For you those beads of sorrow fall,
Oh view them in a proper light.

A veil of flesh the godhead wore,
Was man, that man might be as God ;
To purchase life for us, he bore
The weight of an almighty rod.

Who hath believed our report ;
Who all the wond'rous works have known ?
Whose faith most pure hath seen the Lord,
And made salvation sure their own.

The wine-press of his father's ire
No finite being could have trod ;
Nor angels, children of the light,
Nothing create—or less than God.

He came—he fought—and conqu'ror rose
O'er death and all the pow'rs of hell ;
For this immortals raise your voice,
And love eternal ever tell.

Nay more than tears—his blood he shed,
And agonizing pains endur'd !
Amazing gift ! all powerful balm,
By which our sin sick souls are cur'd.

Say can we make him die again,
Call forth fresh streams of tears and blood ?
He groans—he bleeds—he dies anew,
As oft as ere his law's withstood.

Go hasten to his mercy-seat,
 Lay all your griefs before his throne;
 A still small voice shall comfort speak,
 The father went his child disown.

Repenting prodigal return,
 Emanuel calls—return and live;
 Make but your whole disorder known,
 He waits the remedy to give.

A H Y M N.

TO LITTLETON TUNE.

FOR THE PROTESTANT DISSENTING CONGREGATION AT LOWESTOFT, IN SUFFOLK. COMPOSED BY THE REV. MR. DANIEL TURNER, THEN MINISTER THERE, NOW AT WOOLWICH, AUTHOR OF DISSERTATIONS, &c. WHO HATH NOT ONLY FAVOURED ME WITH THIS COPY OF IT, BUT ALSO ADDED THOSE ESSAYS IN THIS COLLECTION, WHICH ARE SIGNED WITH THE LETTER F. BEING SOME OF HIS JUVENILE PRODUCTIONS.

I.

SINNERS stop—the clouds are parting,
 What a wond'rous scene is this!
 Sure some seraph is descending;
 No! 'tis Jesus, king of peace. Hallelujah.
 Lo! he comes on grand designs.

One

II.

Once indeed he veil'd his glory,
Softest mercy brought him down ;
Muse our hearts on the sad story,
When he left his royal crown. Hal :
To revive our drooping minds.

III.

To suffer woe and bear reproach,
In dire torments to expire,
That we the mount of God might reach,
Sav'd through sharp affliction's fire. Hal :
And preserv'd from deadly sin.

IV.

Up from the grave the conqu'ror rose,
Bearing splendid trophies thence ;
Into his father's presence goes,
As believers sure defence. Hal :
Whose redeemer he hath been.

V.

Now he comes to avenge his cause,
On the en'mies of his grace ;
Say ye profane who broke his laws,
Dare you look him in the face ? Hal :
Tremble—tremble, guilty souls.

VI.

But raise your songs ye chosen few,
Sweetly strike your lyres divine ;
That faith which did your hearts renew,
Shall in glory make you shine. Hal :
Hark ! dissolving thunder rolls.

O N F R I E N D S H I P.

AN EPISTLE FROM SOPHRONIA TO MELISSA.

FROM giddy heights fair fancy now return,
 And let thy fires on friendship's altar burn.
 Whene'er Melissa claims the willing song,
 Teach it in gentle sounds to flow along.
 Dear nymph on what you ask I fain would write,
 But fear my numbers wont your ear delight ;
 You bid me tell the joys which friendship knows,
 'That beaume de vie to soften all our woes.
 How shall my pen the lofty theme pursue,
 And set the form celestial in your view ?
 Descend soft pow'r, and aid my trembling hand,
 Each nerve obedient moves at thy command.
 'Tis thine to cheer with calm delight the soul,
 And make our moments all unwearying roll ;
 Life without thee would be a dreary wild,
 'Tis thy fair form which makes ev'n nature mild ;
 Cheerless—unsocial—then mankind might roam,
 Nor taste the pleasure of a mirthful home.
 'Tis thou, who crown'st the flowing bowl with joy,
 And even hypochondria can destroy,
 Thy smile her sighs by soft suppression kills,
 And new-raised hope the darkling bosom fills.
 When weighty cares distress the gen'rous heart,
 'Tis thine to act the kind—the soothing part ;

Chase

Chase dark despair with all her train away,
And open to the mind a brighter day.
If love dread power with all his ills invade,
And prey upon the captive he hath made ;
Then—then indeed shall thy kind aid be dear,
And e'en suppos'd indifference severe.
If blythe prosperity with dang'rous cup,
From humble state to higher rears us up ;
Then shall thy hand, with honesty ally'd,
Keep down the meanness of approaching pride.
When swelling passions actuate the mind,
Or dark revenge the nobler feelings blind ;
Then shall thy frowns the intended blow restrain,
And save thy friend an age of after pain.
Should folly lead in silken cords the will,
And vanity the mind capacious fill ;
At thy rebuke the shadows quickly fly,
And grateful tears adorn the beaming eye.
If errors by long habit have obtain'd
Supreme pre-eminence, and proudly reign'd,
The tasks more difficult—still thou alone
Can separate the sinews from the bone.
When sudden gloom the once gay mind o'erclouds,
And pining grief each lively thought deep shrouds ;
Friendship's keen eye the hidden cause will find,
And ev'ry wound with healing balsam bind.
Chief where religion and its int'rest lie,
Must thou, fair goddess, and thy train be nigh ;
Unshaken here thy steady purpose hold,
And keep the sheep within their proper fold.

From

From its great duties would the rambles stray,
 'Tis thine to shew the dangers of the way;
 In truth's perspective let them view the end,
 And nobly dare, though oft repuls'd, defend.
 On friendship's bosom, in the eve of life,
 Devoid of fear, and long unknown to strife,
 May'st thou, Melissa, calmly sink to rest,
 Then wake to joys more pure amongst the blest;
 While thy Sophronia, should she longer stay,
 Will to thy manes the due tribute pay;
 The heart-felt-sigh shall tell how great thy worth,
 And unaffected tears bedew the earth,
 Which hides thee here unpitying from my sight,
 While hope's sweet beams point to the realms of light.
 Oh may I meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 Where all immortal we shall part no more!—

R E M A R K S

INTRODUCTORY TO THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It is storied of an ancient painter, who had designed to draw the picture of a cock, that when he reviewed his performance he perceived the probability of the spectators not being able to tell what fowl it was; and therefore wrote underneath, "This is a Cock."

So our author dreading lest those who deign to read, should mistake the intention or scope of the following poem, hath judged it proper that I should prefix some kind of explanation.

The

The peculiarity, nay, perhaps, according to the rules of strict criticism, the impropriety of the verse she admits—and even confesses, an intended degree of irregularity as to the subjects which are handled. Should this eccentricity have gone beyond design, she still scorns to avail herself by pleading what is really true, that it is the longest poem she ever wrote; though in a rising genius this would be an apology to the candid.

Her situation in life permits only few leisure hours; therefore at various times it was composed: and her design, however imperfectly executed, was to attack infidelity:—To expose the pretended pleasures of libertinism:—To shew the weakness of the objections to Revelation; as well as the absurd conduct of those who urge them, or believe them:—And to recommend conjugal fidelity and chastity, as the foundation of moral virtue, and many other relative duties. Acquainted with the truth of that old adage, “That example is more powerful than precept,” she endeavours to enforce these virtues by the greatest and brightest earthly example, drawn from Albion’s King. There are indeed but few originals. Mankind in general are led by imitation. What a pity that in this case, the royal pattern hath so few imitators! Pride and vanity prompt us to copy the manners of the great; for which reason there is not a stronger proof of our internal depravity, than that we are more easily swayed by their vices than their virtues. The former

mer tallies with the unrectified bias of our own hearts; by this means powerfully allures—the latter inflicts restraint, and consequently creates indifference, if not disgust.

The sources of infidelity have been so often explored by celebrated writers, that the author did not presume philosophically to sing of them. That this reigning system, often arises from an indulgence in forbidden pleasures, will scarce be denied. Those who in youth have not been accustomed to bridle their passions—when of age wish to defend them. It is but natural that the man whose practice is condemned by Revelation, should attempt to refute or weaken its evidence. To prevent, if possible, our inexperienced youth, from splitting on the rocks of infidelity, our author warns them against the quick sands of unchastity.

Should it be urged that infidelity is rather the cause of these perverted habits—these fashionable vices; even then our author's remarks are pertinent: And if her defence of religious mysteries, founded on the supposition that they are no more incomprehensible than those of natural religion, be cavilled at, as a thread-bare one; it matters but little, so long as the fact itself stands uncontroverted.

Granting she hath advanced nothing singular or very striking—yet who knows how far she herself may have been convinced of the truth of Revelation by such occasional views of the subject:—And if thereby

thereby she provokes those to muse on these things who have hitherto totally neglected them, the same effects perhaps may follow—or if she kindles afresh the ardour of virtue, and flame of solemn contemplation in the breasts of the wise, the worthy, and the good; she is at least intitled to the widow's praise, for thus casting in her mite, towards the support of truth, and establishment of piety.

F.

D I A N A.

THrice from her deep recess with plaintive voice,
To lov'd Britannia hear the goddess call;
Awake, she cries, thou genius of the isle,
Nor see thy rising hopes by traitors fall.

Fair garden where kind nature's bounteous hand,
In rich exuberance hath planted joys:
Guard well thy blossoms from the fatal blast,
Whose pestilential pow'r their bloom destroys.

With careful eye, the prudent gard'ner heeds
His flow'ry tribe, and orchard's rich produce:
For industry and toil—he meets reward,
The gay bouquette, and heart-reviving juice.

But what if negligence his vineyards speak,
And all things tell their master's want of care,
Shall then ensue, save poverty and shame,
Fell discontent and impious despair.

Hail

Hail royal Charlotte, virtue's faithful friend,
 Whom world's admiring shall for aye admire ;
 Bright excellence, whose fair example shines
 An emanation of celestial fire.

To thee who high on seat of regal pow'r,
 O'er hearts far more than lands thy sceptre sways ;
 Virtue attended by each grace doth bow,
 To pay with me the tributary praise.

When bards of old sang innocence and love,
 Afar from courts they drew the scene of joy,
 Where pomp and state, with fell ambition's pride,
 Their gentle influence full oft destroy.

Had they but seen the throne of Britain grac'd
 With ten sweet emblems of connubial bliss,
 The smiling cherubs would have chang'd the song,
 Nor poets have presum'd to write amiss.

'Tis here—the royal offspring would have cry'd—
 The joys you sing, as from their sources flow ;
 Here merit meets the kind reward, and here
 Oft falls the tear of sympathetic woe.

Blest infants—yes. I pant to make reply ;
 There goodness blooms, and ev'ry vice decays :
 The throne's the seat of harmony and fame,
 Virtue's retreat in these degen'rate days.

For

For now array'd in ev'ry mask appears,
Barefac'd and daring Infidelity ;
A thousand scyons from the noxious root,
Spontaneous rise, and each becomes a tree.

Beneath whose branches lull'd to soft repose,
Th' unwary lose each high prerogative :
Blinded by Ch—st—f—d's base view of things,
They scorn of life—the noblest part to live.

When martial ardour fann'd by holy zeal,
Led Britain's sons against Religion's foes :
The Gallic pride their power superior found,
Nor could th' animated bands oppose.

But let the youth unprincipled—untaught,
Save in the graces wily maze to tread :
Or gentle theory of wond'rous wars,
Against invading enemies be led ;

Ah, where the hope beyond mortality !
That swells each nerve and fires th' aspiring soul :
Or dread of Papal power, and slav'ry's yoke
Lost in an allemande—or with the vole.

When Rome her hardy sons to battle sent,
Brac'd by athletic games the nervous boys,
In hopes of victory, most bravely fought,
And spurn'd the proffers of all meaner joys.

I

Such

Such once were Britons—such should ever be,
The steady guardians of fair Albion's laws :
Averse to murder—yet unknown to fear,
The bold assertors of their country's cause.

But ! lo a Syren tempts to her embrace,
Here is the primum mobile, she cries :
This way, ye swains, your willing footsteps bend,
And join the happy few—the only wise.

Shall sons of genius lengthen out each hour,
And waste the prime of youth and life to know,
How little solid joy is found by man,
How much of labour—and how much of woe !

Was man for happiness by heav'n design'd ?
And shall he dare that happiness refuse ?
How great the folly—how absurd the plan,
To leave the good—and certain evil chuse.

Haste to my temple—there rich nectar quaff—
The potent draught shall speed your cares away :
Sorrow shall flee—and joys for ever smile,
There bliss and love in charming union play.

Her voice enchanting captivates the sense,
Her borrow'd charms infatuate the mind :
Urg'd on by folly men pursue the chase,
She flies—and leaves her friends to woe consign'd.

Thus

Thus by the glassy surface of the deep
Deceiv'd, the peasant quits his humble shed,
The storm arising—mocks his fancy'd wealth,
And lays his treasures in a wat'ry bed.

But he no more the faithless ocean trusts,
Experience bought, tho' late, hath made him wise;
Content he guards his late neglected flock,
And views the tempting calm with other eyes.

No more midst 'whelming sands and pointed rocks,
He ventures out in quest of doubtful good :
The danger 'scaped—keeps caution ever near,
And bids him shun the smooth enticing flood.

Ah, well it were!—if those whom pleasure leads,
By silken cords in flow'ry paths to stray :
When reason bids th' coming ill t' avoid,
So timely warn'd the precept did obey.

But he who once upon the slipp'ry coast,
Of gay amusement sets his tottering feet :
Tho' dangers threaten—and tho' death appears,
By passions govern'd—seldom makes retreat.

Did venial errors only mark the age,
These lesser faults in time will still be found ?
But now licentiousness with horrid stride,
And fatal influence begins t' abound.

A skilful bard attunes his warbling lyre,
And in harmonious strains to vice invites :
Soft numbers gently fan unhallow'd fires,
And wanton verse the giddy sense delights.

Our youth by specious maxims leads astray,
Daring and free he points the way to sin :
And Otaheitean freedom marks as bliss,
A certain bait—to lead the unwary in.

His luscious heav'n by high fed passions drawn,
Will daily—hourly—sensual vot'ries gain :
Such doctrines please the pamper'd taste of man,
While evangelic preachers—preach in vain.

Let reason be your only guide—O man !
Nor credit what it doth not comprehend !
Why was it giv'n—or what the use design'd,
Unless it could a safe direction lend ?

This is the language of Imperial sense,
Whose proud dominion lords it o'er the mind :
Too weak by nature for a perfect guide,
By warring passions wholly render'd blind.

Can heav'n born reason in her fullest pow'r,
Of meteors fix the tract, or where winds blow ?
Can she unfold why bodies downward tend ?
Or tell the gran'ries of the falling snow ?

How

How weak is reason which scarce more than shews,
The various truths we cannot comprehend :
And ev'n where most acute, it often fails,
Of means to trace the fitness to their end.

Gaze on the clouds in admiration lost !—
Then tell what doth their steady balance hold ?
The depths of art which could their colour tinge,
Empyrean purple and celestial gold !—

Where is earth's corner stone with judgment plac'd ?
And where her strong foundations firmly laid ?
Where wast thou when the stars in concert sang ?
And all the spark'ling hosts at first were made ?

Tell, if thou canst—who shut the sea with doors,
When her impetuous waves came rushing forth ?
Hast thou beheld the vaults of thunder deep,
Or summ'd the lights which issue from the north ?

Astonish'd—look upon the insect race,
Unless thou'rt able to explain the way,
Their minute fibres guard the seat of life,
And all their organs in proportion play.

Tell where the soul at her departure goes ?
And what's the nature of her wond'rous frame ?
Say how she can to endless ages live,
And all your system of salvation name ?

Or why to death the body is consign'd,
Shall it for ever in those atoms lie ?
What is the base on which thy heav'n is plac'd,
And who hath told thee thou shouldst never die ?

When votaries of philosophic lore,
By its sole aid are able to explain,
The grand arcana of an universe,
I'll deem the notions wise they entertain,

Then will I answer ev'ry doubt they hold,
Against blest Revelation's right divine :
Till then implicit credence let it have,
And in its native glories mildly shine.

Trav'lers awhile on pleasant banks repose,
Beguiling thus the labours of the way :
Each op'ning prospect gives the mind relief,
And keeps the soul from languishing by play.

So journeying on in controversial road,
Let us take time to view the scene around :
Each landscape, may I use the image here,
Shall with instructive hints replete be found.

What's the perspective that our nature gives,
A dreary wild of misery and death :
Pale horror hangs upon each op'ning lip,
And tremb'ling doubt appears in ev'ry breath.

With

With high refinements we may learn to bear
The external woes and present cares of life;
But what deep science shall the soul sustain,
'Gainst future dread—and daily inward strife.

She sees the king of terrors drawing near—
He bends his bow right aiming to destroy!
Fain to annihilation she would fly,
Ways to escape doth all her thoughts employ.

Imagination feels his clay cold hand,
She drops her pencil, and the picture's lost;
Of all her fancy'd joys not one remains,
In more than dark despair the soul is tost.

Should reason's glimm'ring light suffice to shew
Bright crowns prepar'd for saints—their trials o'er;
Their bliss divine—their consummate delight—
They weep—for ah!—'tis on a distant shore.

Here the necessity quite plain appears
For other aids, and clearer lights to guide
Man—rational—immortal man to bliss,
And safely waft him o'er death's stormy tide.

Blest revelation stands with out-stretch'd arms,
Hither, she cries, ye weary souls repair!
Here pleasures new, and fulness evermore,
And streams of consolation banish care.

By faith supported in the dying hour,
 Calmly the soul perceives her mantle fall ;
 Elate she views the heav'nly host descend,
 And quits exulting this terrestrial ball.

Approach, ye learned, and with candour say,
 What are the doctrines christian pastors preach ?
 Are not those virtues still more strongly urg'd,
 Which Plato and Socrates us'd to teach ?

'Tis your own prejudice the truth obscures,
 Else it would gain admittance to your hearts ;
 Its deepest mysteries rever'd would be,
 And seen distinct from all politic arts.

From pure religion—as the source of all,
 The moral virtues in a train descend ;
 First chastity, in garments pure appears,
 Man's rare companion, and the virgin's friend.

Her august train each lovely nymph supports,
 Fame, beauty, health, with meek ey'd peace attends ;
 In lieu of these how poor the recompence,
 Which gawdy, low bred, sensual pleasure lends !

Celestial visitant all hall—from thee
 Society her purest joy receives ;
 Stability of principle, and each
 Domestic pleasure it is thee who gives.

Observe

Observe the man whose family's his joy,
Who knows no wish to tread unhallow'd ground;
Chearful he sees his rising hopes encrease,
And blest content within his walls is found.

Attentive to the public weal, he makes
His country's interest his peculiar joy;
By strictest justice squares each private act,
Content thus gain'd no storms can e'er annoy.

His steady feet the paths of virtue tread,
His gen'rous soul can feel for other's woe;
Mis'ry from him shall meet a kind relief,
And in his heart each noble passion glow.

Soon as the man's debas'd—the beast appears
Whom lust doth ever and anon inflame;
Onward he rushes to the brink of hell,
Lost to humanity—and void of shame,

No barriers stop—no sacred laws impede!
Too strong for argument his passions burn;
Reason her empire can no longer hold,
And from her seat e'en memory is torn.

His relaxed nerves debilitated shake,
His hollow eyes and broken voice declare;
The cruel sporter of his life and fame,
Dying a victim of the Paphian war.

His

His honour sinks—his fortune flies away—
 His character—his future hopes are lost,
 His peace of mind will never more return,
 But on the rocks of sullen doubt be toss'd.

What can society expect from him,
 Whom a long course of error has deprav'd ?
 Will he support her int'rests or her laws,
 When by her foes he wholly is enslav'd.

Shun then the haunts where painted vice resorts !
 Flee from the soft delusion of her charms !
 Amidst her roses pois'nous adders hiss,
 And serpents lurk with many dreadful harms.

Go seek for pleasure in the flow'ry meads
 Of innocence—of honour—and of truth !
 So shall long life, with health and vigour blest,
 Bear testimony of a virtuous youth.

Think of those vices which now mark the age !
 Ah, wretched Britons, turn, oh quickly turn !
 Fly from the terrors of impending wrath
 Before it be too late—'tis your's to mourn.

You say you'll learn—then copy from the throne ;
 There ev'ry joy which love and Hymen give
 In regal splendour eminently shines,
 In native purity doth truly live.

Fidelity

Fidelity with all her countless charms,
Strews roses o'er the bed of chaste delight :
While tender pledges of a mutual flame,
Give rapture to the ear, and bless the sight.

Long may great George, rever'd by ev'ry heart,
Support his people's liberty and laws,
Till time his aged locks hath silvered o'er,
And crown'd his virtues with well earn'd applause.

May no proud minion warp the royal mind,
No courtly regicide seduce his ear,
But public spirit flourish in his reign,
And vice, though dignify'd, be taught to fear.

Heav'n's first—and best—and richest joys descend
On Charlotte—amiable—wise—and great ;
Still greater in her virtues than her crown,
Whose praises justly angels must relate.

By Brunswick's noble line, let Britons taught,
Pursue those joys which nuptial love bestows ;
While freedom they support, each patriot is
Friend of their friends, and terror of their foes.

Pant'st thou for pleasure—happiness—and wealth,
Honour—security—and real delight,
Blessings so vast we can't the value tell,
Applause by day—and calm repose by night.

Wisdom

Wisdom directs thee to the sacred fane ;
Hymen his torch rekindles with pure fires ;
He talks of raptures—never found but where,
Sincere affection mutually inspires.

Let not ambition crush a gen'rous flame,
Or int'rest tempt thee to deceive thine heart ;
Each soft impression of the heav'n born mind
Will ever from those little views depart.

Ne'er let thine actions be by custom sway'd,
Virtue a nobler basis still must find ;
Be honour thine—by it thy conduct square,
Its principles upon thy bosom bind.

Then shall bright wisdom be thy settled guest,
While every baleful passion well subdu'd,
Leaves the mind free to taste of balmy peace ;
No keen remorse can ever there intrude.

Farewell Britannia—warn'd those evils shun,
From infidelity thy sons secure ;
So shall immortal wreaths their temples crown,
And joys be their's which ever shall endure.

ON READING AND HISTORY.

TO describe the advantages of history to those who are acquainted with it would indeed be superfluous; though to point out its utility to the generality of readers may be necessary. To offer to prescribe the best methods of attaining this kind of knowledge to those already in possession, might be impertinent, while the attempt, with respect to those employed in the search, is at least commendable. Considering the subordination of ranks in civil society, the bulk of mankind are engaged either in the mechanical arts, or the other requisite pursuits of life. The merely speculative, like the opulent in society, will ever be, as they ought to be, the fewer number. Though speculation seems to be the natural and designed province of the great and wealthy; yet for the most part we find it to be just the reverse. Those whose easy and affluent circumstances, or whose birth and line in life put it in their power to effect almost whatever they devise, frequently content themselves with devising nothing to the purpose, and doing as little. How many are there on whose education the greatest expence and pains have been lavished, and yet were ever unable to rise above the lowest classes of mankind! With all the maxims and precepts of a Chesterfield—Philip Stanhope was but a slovenly epicure.

Even

Even admitting that there are many illustrious and noble exceptions to this observation, whose high birth or amazing fortunes are somewhat obscured by their still more excellent endowments of mind. Our first remark is nevertheless well founded, since those who carry their literary researches far, are, with respect to the other classes of people, like Virgil's, "*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

But though there be only few thorough proficients in the study of the liberal arts and sciences, yet curiosity, or the desire of knowledge, is, hath been, and ever will be, one of the most general and leading passions of the human breast. No doubt the professed end of reading is instruction, which by a proper use of the means shall certainly follow. That man doth not merit the appellation of reasonable, who would devote his hours to study without expecting a return of pleasure or of profit.

Multitudes of readers, however, submit to the task, only that they may have it to say, they perused such and such a book, and thus by proposing no certain end—never exercising their judgment, or calling their memory to any account, they continue in original darkness—they are fools at full length, and ideots in miniature.

Others, a degree above these, are at some pains about their reading; they endeavour to think, but want of true taste, which ever will be accompanied with an improper choice of books, renders abortive their repeated labours. It is easy to stock the memory

memory with ideas—it is difficult to preserve order among them, and so to dispose of them, that when need requires, and never but then, they shall be readily found. Of this we shall speak afterwards, and in the mean time remark, that memory and judgment are not always joined; nay it is almost passed into a proverb, that they seldom are. Numbers of examples in support of this might be quoted from history: After all, it is evident that wherever nature bestows a sound judgment and quick perception, there exercise and unwearying application, can render the memory adequate to all the ordinary purposes of life, and also of science. An acute understanding is never unconnected with a tolerable share of memory; whereas, on the contrary, an exceeding fine memory may exist, with a very small, if any, degree of judgment. Proofs of this we meet in every day's experience. Thus at one of our Universities was lately bred a certain student, who could repeat the six books of Euclid verbatim; but if asked to give a demonstration in any other way, scarce understood what was said. I once met with a man of such extent of memory, that he could tell the book, chapter and verse of the whole bible, on hearing the first clause, or leading words of any verse read—who at the same time was one of the most stupid and ignorant wretches alive. And it is said, among many other wonderful things related of the vast strength of the late Jedidiah Buxton's memory, a character well known at

Went-

Wentworth, in Yorkshire, that when carried to see a play, he appeared quite unaffected, nay ignorant of what was going on, yet could tell precisely how many words were in each act.

But to return more particularly to our subject, there cannot be a greater enemy than prejudice to mental improvement. This doth not more effectually obstruct the exercise of every benevolent feeling, than it actually directs the reading of thousands. Prejudice is the error of a weak understanding, the effect of narrow partial views of things, and can only lodge in an illiberal soul. When once it enters the mind, its sway is not more tyrannical, than universal, over the whole conduct of the individual, and to break or destroy its influence requires Herculean efforts. Another memorable circumstance is, that the most prejudiced persons are themselves the least sensible of it—can least bear the imputation, and often declaim the loudest against it. You may irritate much sooner than convince a bigot: nor can you inflict a deeper wound than to tell a man he is one. Ask the advice of a person prejudiced in favour of any system, whether ancient or modern, in the course of your studies, and he will either only mention, or mark with peculiar approbation those authors, who have wrote the most elaborately in support of the tenets which he himself hath embraced. In like manner I have known many people of such contracted ideas, as to despise the most shining talents, because the temper
of

of the possessor was not gloomy as their own; wherever they found cheerfulness, denied there could be plety, and regarded as immoral whoever mingled in society. How many will positively refuse the perusal of a book, till they are assured, that in every point the author agrees with them.

Religious prejudices are always the most inveterate, and the most hateful in the sight of both God and man. The spirit of true religion expands the heart, and cements mankind—it appeals to our reason; but was never intended to be the basis of one man's daring to damn his brother. Where prejudice sits enthroned, and a diversity of religious tenets hath existed, it never surprized me that the common rules of politeness should be broke. It almost invariably is the case, except there be liberality of sentiment, and expansion of soul; which supposes refinement, and implies real understanding.

But should prejudice not spread her jaundiced influence, still without strong natural parts, or a prudent monitor, our reading may be fruitless. More depends on the choice of books than we are aware of. The sailor, who should indiscriminately plow the ocean, might chance never to reach his port. Among the truly studious, there are few whose experience will not urge many proofs of the absolute necessity of a guide, in order to save time, and attain knowledge. Few scholars—but can recollect a period, when they, intent on the acquisition

tion of wisdom, were nevertheless so hapless as to miss her cool grottos and sequestered bowers:— they consumed the midnight oil, in poring over books of perhaps intrinsic merit; while the reading of them, by being mis-timed, yielded not the expected or real advantage. They mingled every science and obtained knowledge in none. They read promiscuously whatever came in their way; of course retained nothing. He that devotes his hours to science without a line, or in other words certain fixed rules, resembles a traveller who plods his weary way, without knowing the end of his journey. Thus many who meant to be wise, never rose higher than pedants, or literary coxcombs: And it is indisputably true, that a literary coxcomb is the absurdest, and most contemptible animal in creation. Their ideas, if they chance to have any which can be called their own, lay in their upper stories like lumber in a garret, fit neither for shew nor use—all negligence and confusion. In order to have accurate views of things, our ideas must be clear and determinate, and they will never be so, unless they are carefully classed, each under its respective kind. Now this can only be done in the moment of acquiring them: that is, so soon as we have examined them, and found them to be just, we ought immediately to arrange them in their proper place—consider their connection with those of the same species already acquired, and judiciously trace the consequences to which they lead;

all

all which for ever renders them our own, and puts it in our power to use them with propriety. Without the above pains and care is taken, the able orator, the expert lawyer, or profound statesman, cannot be formed: inaccuracy will mark the speaker and instability the statesman, while the professed votary of science, dwindles to a man of words, or insignificant sounds.

I mean not to depreciate all novels and romances, though it were for the best interests of society, and probably ere now of some of the authors, that they had never been. We grant that the pages of a Richardson, a Fielding, a Smollet, a Goldsmith, or a Brookes, will be read with pleasure, so long as a taste for elegance of composition and fine writing remains. Yet we humbly apprehend, that this kind of reading is generally misplaced. I will venture to affirm, these, with other ingenious authors, never intended their performances of this sort, to be the only sources of instruction, or the continued reading of any individual. They wished to enforce virtue—to catch the glow of giddy youth—and lead to the dispassionate enquiry into human nature. By drawing examples from life, they painted the ugliness of vice—the unseen snares of the selfish and depraved—the beauty of propriety in every part of our conduct, together with the knowledge of the heart of man. To approve themselves the friends of mankind, great prudence as well as abilities was requisite in drawing the various portraits. Still

they craved only the vacant hour, so often worse spent, or which hangs so heavy on some people's hands, that they run into error in order to murder it. For such periods of time they cut out business, and promised advantage, joined to easy refinement, and social mirth.

Were there no other reason, which really is not the case, besides the intrigue, the cunning, the low ribaldry, nay the deceit, injustice, and villainy, which the generality of these performances exhibit, it is enough to condemn them. Such is the depravity of human nature, that it easier enters into the foibles than good qualities of others, as we have elsewhere already observed. Thousands, it is to be feared, have yielded, even through admiration of an Eloisa, to her foibles, who never transcribed her virtues.

Must we then all learn the dead languages? No! for however great these sources of wisdom, the nature of our circumstances in life to multitudes renders this impracticable, yet it by no means follows, that therefore we are excluded from the recesses of knowledge. To form respectable literary characters is attainable, without that labour and fatigue. Poetry, painting, and music, with the other fine arts, are the peculiar gifts of nature; a relish for the real beauties of which may be improved, but can never be altogether acquired. To dance with the pastoral muse, cannot at all times yield equal pleasure; and to mount with the epic, is for many, an

“ Onus

"Onus impar humeris." In such a case what are we to do? The very question I wished to answer. Apply to the historic page. It presents us with a catalogue of the virtues, together with the failings of men. It addresses us in an easy, a natural, and familiar stile. It immortalises heroism, it ennobles what is good; it decorates benevolence; it illustrates compassion; it exalts condescension; it improves fortitude; it extends justice; it supports patience, and dignifies forgiveness. It points out what passions, when indulged, tend to immediate or certain destruction; it paints the secret workings of ambition, the slow proceedings of hatred and envy; and the furious boilings of anger and revenge, with their tragical effects. In a word, it dissects the human mind, and shews the proceedings of human nature, in every person and in every age of the world. Happy for society is it, that some of the most exalted geniuses, in every age and clime, prompted by the love of virtue, of truth, of justice, and of fame, both with respect to others and themselves, have searched into facts; examined traditions; separated what is true from what is false, and impartially recorded the same.

History is entirely requisite to form aright the taste of mankind, or enable them to pass any just sentence upon particular actions. By history we learn not only the wonders of antiquity; the government and laws of nations; the conduct and manners of men; but become qualified to discern the motives whence

these actions proceeded, and to read, from under the nicest disguise, the real feelings of the breast. The studying characters is the great end of historical reading. And unless we make proper distinctions among our ideas thence collected, our improvements must be trifling. Here we must not only digest what we read, but exactly balance the similar virtues of each individual, in order to form a proper estimate. Plutarch's *Lives* sets us an inimitable pattern; which Rollin in painting the advantages and beauty of history hath copied in his excellent treatise on the *Belles Lettres*.

Suppose Hannibal and Scipio to be the two generals we wish to contrast; the one the glory of Rome; the other of Carthage; allowance is to be made for the difference of their national customs and respective education. This ought never to be forgotten in the comparison of individuals. In the instance before us we have reason to conclude, that the African politeness, refinement, and ideas of propriety, were far inferior to the Roman.

They are to be considered as soldiers, as statesmen, and as individuals. Both these great men formed great projects, bold and singular, which perhaps none but themselves would have conceived, far less executed; projects which were of the highest importance, and if successful of the greatest utility to their country, but attended with the most imminent dangers to themselves. Their provident souls wisely conjectured what would happen,
and

and took their measures accordingly. They were perfect adepts in that knowledge, which consists in using to advantage every accident or minutest circumstance that could possibly occur. The whole series of their deeds demonstrates, that they neither originated from temerity, or were the lucky product of fermenting spirits, but resulted from prudence and mature understanding.

As generals, profound secrecy were their characteristics as much as intrepid conduct and undaunted valour. Each enquires into the character, and endeavours to know the foibles of the opposite commanders. So far from indulging themselves in luxury and ease, they lead the van in every danger, nor despise being seen labouring with their soldiers, whereby their dignity is nothing diminished, as the exact discipline among the troops witnesseth. In those halcyon days of patriot fire, when every heroic achievement led to virtue's fane, better horses and arms were the only distinguishing marks of the general. Hannibal seeing that the Romans were only to be overcome in Italy, and mindful of the oath he to a fond father swore, without a murmur surmounted the ridge of Alpine snows, till then unpassed by men, deluged the plains of Italy with Roman blood, and notwithstanding the scanty supplies of men, of arms, and other necessary articles of war, owing to divisions and factions at Carthage, yet made the senate to fear—old men to despair—ma-

trons to rave—and children to weep—within the very walls of Rome.

Scipio's abilities as a commander were great, though to me they appear unequal to those of the daring African.

Of Hannibal, as a statesman, we know but little, there being no historian of his own country to record his acts. At any rate, his opportunities of displaying himself in this capacity were but few, since almost from his childhood he was in the army. With respect to Scipio, the case was altered—he lived much at home, and that at a period when celebrated writers flourished, who perhaps needed such a patron, and would therefore rejoice in extolling his fame. Besides, praising warlike deeds was suited to the Roman genius, and secured the public approbation. So universal is the passion for fame, that the hopes of living in the historian's page, or thundering in the poet's song, adds vigour to fortitude, and leads to renown. Thus Voltaire is of opinion, that Marlborough is not more celebrated by his victories, than by the poem called, *The Campaign*, wrote by Addison, which sings his valour and his worth.

We are equally unassisted by impartial historians in forming a just idea of Hannibal's virtues as an individual. Livy, the Roman historian, hath given us a very frightful description; his words translated are, "his great virtues" (speaking of him as a general) were equalled by most enormous vices; an
 "inhuman

“inhuman cruelty; a more than Carthaginian perfidy, without any regard to truth, or reverence for what was sacred.” How black a character! Certainly prejudice hath drawn it in too black colours. As to that of irreligion, did he not, before he set out for Spain, take a long tedious voyage, to discharge some vow he had come under to Hercules? His implacable hatred to the Romans is no weak proof of his entertaining just notions of moral obligation; that he was unfaithful and perjured ought to be proved, and it seems rather bare-faced in Livy to mention this, without being able to adduce a single instance of the truth of the assertion. Indeed it can never be thought, that one whose magnanimity, wisdom, fortitude, and compassion as a general, shone so illustriously, should be a wicked, faithless, and perfidious man. Is it not more candid to conclude, that his moral virtues corresponded to his military abilities.

How pleasant the example Scipio sets before us in this respect? How strong did the beams of his moral virtues dart on every beholder! How uniform and gentle the exercise of them! Does he study the aggrandising of himself, or the amassing of wealth? No! he considers power and riches only as means to support the good—the brave—and to relieve the needy and distressed. Harshness and severity are alike far from him; he is obliging to his officers, kind to his citizens, sets a just value on their services, extols their bravery, rewards them with

with equity, each according to his merit. By his justice he so endeared himself to the Roman people, that they considered him as their deliverer and father. In a word, he shines as a perfect and finished character. Behold, ye virtuous fair, your amiable yet powerful protector, with an air of grandeur mingled with benignity, presenting the Princess to her former lover. O come, ye dissipated throng, and see the wonderful man, the boast of antiquity, the glory of his country ! Acknowledge that virtue is lovely, that it may be practised in opposition to every darling foible ; then confess your own weakness—and blush. Divine virtue, is he not thy son !

Thus have I briefly sketched what might have been, had it not already been, more largely discoursed of by many writers, more with a view of inducing the readers of history to pursue this method, than of elucidating fully the present contrast.

While antient history lays the foundation, I wish modern to raise the superstructure. To be acquainted with Greece and Rome, yet a stranger to England, our mother country, may shew reading, but not prudence. The history of our own country, like the cultivation of our vernacular tongue, claims our first and peculiar care. I rather pity than despise the man who can rant away about a Solon—a Lycurgus—a Numa—an Epaminondas—a Timoleon—a Pericles—or Themistocles—the revenge of a Coriolanus—the heroism of a Scævola—the

the abilities of a Cicero—the excessive passion of an Antony—or the ambition of a Cæsar—while he is a perfect stranger to the memorable æras of British history, nor perhaps ever examined the title which an illustrious Brunswick's line has to the crown of these realms. Not so a Mrs. Macaulay reached the zenith of fame; or a Mrs. Montague obtained a sprig from Shakespear's chaplet of immortal ever-greens.

In a word, would you shine in conversation without having recourse to private anecdotes or scandal; would you improve in real wisdom; would you be correct, easy, and copious in speaking, study history. Nay—if as to composition you wish to realise the remark of Horace, when he says,

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur,

Apply with assiduity to the pages of historic truths; for these increase the stock of knowledge, which if properly arranged, facilitate composition, and adorn a literary character.

F.

THE

THE SEARCH.

O'ER hills and dales, thro' woods and lawns,
 In search of Truth I wander'd.
 Cross'd many plains and charming groves,
 While as I rang'd I ponder'd.

What is there, said I to myself,
 That's thick enough to blind it!
 But thought I was a silly elf,
 Who looking could not find it.

To courts and cities next I went,
 In hopes I there might meet her;
 But heard she never tarry'd long,
 Where knaves reside to cheat her.

'Tis very strange indeed I cry'd,
 That men have here resign'd it:
 One tapp'd me on the shoulder—hum,
 Friend here—you'll never find it.

The army next bespoke a peep,
 Or else it might seem fighting:
 But long she had been banish'd thence,
 By dint of cruel fighting.

Preferments—honours—avarice,
 To shades had long consign'd it:
 Thus here I also left the search,
 Convinc'd I should not find it.

Mong't

'Mong'ft Neptune's fons I heard the maid,
Had once been lov'd and cherish'd :
But fome conjectur'd now full fad,
She in a ftorm had perifh'd.

A jolly tar—he made me ftare,
Roar'd out—Zooks never mind it.
Don't look fo fad—they'll think you mad,
Expecting here to find it.

In fine I wander'd up and down,
But there was left no traces,
Ev'n in the pulpit or the gown,
Much deeper than the faces.

With ladies—ftop my naughty mufe,
They to their bosoms bind it.
Yet ceafe to think it very ftrange,
If there you fhould not find it.

THE HAUNTS OF WISDOM.

TO myrtle groves and fhades repair,
For Friendship without art is there :
Each bird that warbles on the fpray,
Shall counfel give in fweeteft lay,
To fearch for wifdom—rife with fwains,
And hail her on the dewy plains.

The

She flies from drowiness and dwells,
 Where meditation blest excels,
 The shepherd when he quits his bed,
 Shall find her near Contentment's shed,
 She wakes with Phœbus in the skies,
 With him to light the world doth rise,
 Her beams like his irradiate,
 All those who on instruction wait.
 But as At'lanta coy—she flies,
 From common grasp and vulgar eyes.

THE COMPENSATION.

A S O N G.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

SAYS PLATO, &c.

I.

SAYS Damon why should I complain,
 Although pursu'd by envious fate?
 Since pitying heav'n a friend hath sent,
 I envy not the rich, the great.
 Possess'd of him when griefs arise,
 My ev'ry woe soft solace meets;
 He checks the rising tear with hope,
 And at his voice each sigh retreats.

To

II.

To all his gen'rous heart expands,
 The friend of man by man belov'd ;
 For few on Thames fair banks are found,
 But have my Daphnis kindness prov'd,
 Come then ye swains, and join my lay,
 This theme shall last to latest days ;
 Let friendship string the warbling lyre,
 And softest flutes breathe Daphnis praise.

III.

With him to wander through the grove,
 Or freely talk of past'ral cares,
 A sure delight doth ever prove,
 And all the prospect sun-shine wears.
 On Daphnis truth my heart relies,
 Oh may he long to bless be shar'd,
 And when he bids a last adieu,
 May perfect bliss be by him shar'd.

THE BUTTERFLY.

TO you, ye fair, unskill'd in wily arts,
 Whose blooming looks are emblems of your
 hearts ;

Where innocence and truth in union reign,
 And blythe good nature rules the sweet domain ;
 This humble verse presumes a tale to tell,
 If you approve it will have ended well.

One

One summer's day, in search of pleasures new,
 A Bee and Butterfly together flew,
 And as they wing'd their airy flight began
 Thus to discourse on their intended plan.
 Pert—slippant—vain—the Butterfly first spoke,
 For my delight I ev'ry flow'r invoke ;
 No danger shall retard my search for bliss,
 Each tempting bud I will advent'rous kiss ;
 Whate'er is gay—the Tulip and the Rose,
 Each nat'ral sweet which in exub'rance blows,
 Howe'er defended, by whoe'er possess'd,
 Shall give me food, or serve to yield me rest ;
 No thought of future shall my joys disturb,
 Or any wish—or rising fancy curb.
 The Bee, more sage, delib'rately reply'd,
 Danger and bliss can never be ally'd.
 If any should the bold presumption blame,
 And censure fly upon the wings of fame,
 What would'st thou do?—My beauty should protect,
 And e'en procure me from my foes respect.
 Trust insecure, as the event doth prove,
 A tott'ring basis which a touch can move.
 I drink of nectar from the flow'rets bloom,
 Whose sweet ambrosia yields a rich perfume.
 Now urg'd the Bee—but for the sweets I take,
 Am ever ready full returns to make ;
 I will with double industry explore,
 The latent virtues of each lovely flow'r :
 This shall new pleasure and instruction give,
 And rend'ring life delightful, make me live.

They

They stop'd to rest—an urchin at his play
 Observ'd the Butterfly in colours gay,
 Grasp'd at the prize, and soon a captive made,
 By fatal beauty fatally betray'd;
 His wanton sport against the Bee he turns,
 Success in view his cruel bosom burns;
 But when his hand approach'd to seize the prey,
 He felt the sting—the Bee flew swift away.

Prudence and judgment well may guard the fair,
 Beauty without is but a fence of air;
 Pleasure's may charm—but only those can please
 On recollection—that are bought with ease,
 At no expence of innocence or fame,
 Which mend the heart, and cannot hurt the name.

T H E B O U Q U E T.

A S O N G.

TO THE TUNE OF, "THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL."

I.

TO captivate the will,
 To steal the heart away,
 Believe me virgins still
 Doth in a bouquet lay.
 Not gold can purchase bliss;
 It flies from sordid pelf;
 Attend each gentle nymph.
 Chuse flow'rets for yourself.

L

The

II.

The sweetly blooming rose,
 In gay vermillion drest,
 Her spotless honour shews,
 And decks the maidens breast ;
 Its op'ning buds disclose
 The graces of her mind,
 While various charms compose
 A judgment most refin'd.

III.

The jas'mine's lovely white
 Doth innocence display ;
 And violet's sweet perfume
 Is artless sense alway.
 For neatness seek the spot
 Where blooms the minionette,
 Or laylock richly fair,
 Nor hyacinth forget.

IV.

As colours finely rang'd
 On the carnation's leaf,
 Your ideas should be plac'd,
 Each give to each relief.
 And to compleat the whole,
 Sweet briar there should be,
 An emblem of your wit,
 Though sharp—from satire free.

Trust

V.

'Trust me, ye fair, to please,
These charms must all unite,
For beauty without these
Will never give delight.
The nosegay on your breast
With lessons may abound,
And ev'ry flow'r that blows,
A faithful friend be found.

T I M E W A S.

THE glorious Sun, bright God of day retires,
Mild ev'ning weeps in dew his absent fires ;
While guileless songsters constant vigils hold,
E'er night's dark mantle doth the scene enfold.

Departed time my trembling muse would sing,
When Britain's rising fame made vallies ring ;
Chearful the shepherd taught his babes the theme,
And infant's glory'd in a Britons name.

When liberty first dawn'd on Albion's shore,
Fair nurse of science and of sacred lore ;
The noble flame with sacred ardour blaz'd,
And Britons to the rank of heroes rais'd.

L 2

They

They scorn'd the yoke of arbitrary sway,
As sons would honour—not as slaves obey;
The rights of men their gen'rous bosoms fir'd,
And native freedom warlike deeds inspir'd.

Then rising from the couch of rosy health,
Th' industrious peasant chearful toil'd for wealth;
His honest labours met a sweet reward,
Peace was his guest, and innocence his guard.

All blythe he sang o'er the luxuriant mead,
Where flocks at large might without danger feed;
His leathern bottle and his pipe reliev'd
The little cares which he in absence griev'd.

When ev'ning shades enwrapp'd the world in grey,
Pleas'd o'er the lawn he homeward bent his way;
There hail'd by all that sweetens life he found
Domestic bliss and soft content abound.

The ruddy husbandman his vintage press'd
While flowing nectar all his labours bless'd;
Free from excise the autumn crown'd his joys,
For nature richly pays where she employs.

Then too the farmer whistled o'er his ground,
And sprightly songs the village gambols crown'd;
Festivity in ev'ry cot was seen,
Their joys were pure, and their repose serene.

Then

Then bowls convivial grac'd the friendly board,
 Pomona's luscious gifts their closets stor'd;
 While o'er the glass good sense and humour join'd
 To mend the heart, and to relieve the mind.

Then fair religion on firm basis stood,
 Her friends were steady, and their tenets good;
 Each prospect then this happy island prov'd,
 Fav'rite of men—and of her God belov'd.

"T I M E I S."

I.

YE Britons so mournful and sad,
 Whose hearts with anxiety beat;
 In sackcloth and ashes be clad,
 From music and pleasure retreat.
 Your harps on the willow trees hung,
 Shall cheer us no more with the sound;
 Nor airs gently thrilling be sung,
 In any gay circle around.

II.

Fair Liberty drooping appears,
 The Graces have quitted her train;
 Some shaft hath been aim'd at her heart—
 And made her to bleed at each vein.
 My children—my children, she cries,
 From streams but beginning to flow,
 My anguish and grief doth arise,
 My sighs breathe the language of woe.

Where

III.

Where orphans all helpless and poor,
In want and in beggary roam :
Each mis'ry and hardship endure,
Nor know of a MEAL or a HOME.
There widows lament o'er their babes,
And mourn the destruction they feel ;
Agonizing despair loudly raves,
—No balsam is found that can heal.

IV.

While she speaks see fresh clouds gather round,
Ah, who shall escape from the storm ?
Its horrors, will nations confound—
Its terrors, whole countries deform.
Then fly to the shelter of peace,
Great George 'tis thy children who plead ;
Bid war with its ravages cease,
Nor let it condemn them to bleed.

V.

On Albion's white cliffs see where fame,
With her trumpet stands ready to sound ;
Oh let her the blessings proclaim—
Which with Liberty ever abound.
When met in a tender embrace,
Thy sons their allegiance will own ;
And prove they are sprung from a race,
Most firmly attach'd to the crown.

" TIME

"TIME, TO COME."

THE awful perspective and dreary view
Cast o'er my mind a cloud of deep dismay :
The present doth the future faintly shew,
And apprehension shades the face of day.

A point of time marks sublunary things,
And the old scythe-man swiftly bears away
Our hasty years on his ethereal wings,
He takes no bribe, nor will he e'er delay.

Ye fields where once the Roman heroes fought—
Ye sacred vales where sons of freedom fell :
Ye antient times when Liberty was bought—
O let me on your dear remembrance dwell !

What tho' you paint the scene in streams of blood,
What tho' in contest, you had numbers slain ;
The cause, so animating—and so good—
The deepest mourners were not heard complain.

When future ages, reading shall admire
Britannia's arts—her sciences and arms :
The useful—fine—and warlike shall inspire,
With emulation of their various charms.

Whene'er

Whene'er the fates in battle crown their toils,
 And lays the captives trembling at their feet ;
 With painful pleasure they shall wear the spoils,
 Compassion nobly in their breasts shall beat.

By fair example taught the road to fame,
 Mercy shall spare—where mercy can be shewn :
 And helpless misery shall pity claim,
 From those whose hearts the softest feelings own.

O may no blot the historic page defile,
 May Britain live till the last gasp of time ;
 Patron of merit—scourge of deadly guile,
 Friend to each virtue—foe to ev'ry crime.

But on the present, time to come depends,
 Not for ourselves, 'tis for our babes we feel ;
 A race unborn, our duty bids befriend,
 And ev'ry wound with best endeavour heal.

Their lips unprejudic'd shall praise or blame,
 As weal, or woe, is wrought before they rise :
 Think, Britons, what your offspring justly claim,
 Think what your ancestors of old did prize.

Be wise—be brave—let prudence take the helm,
 Your king—your laws—your children, claim
 your care :
 Lest future torrents England overwhelm,
 And all its glories vanish into air.

F I N I S.



